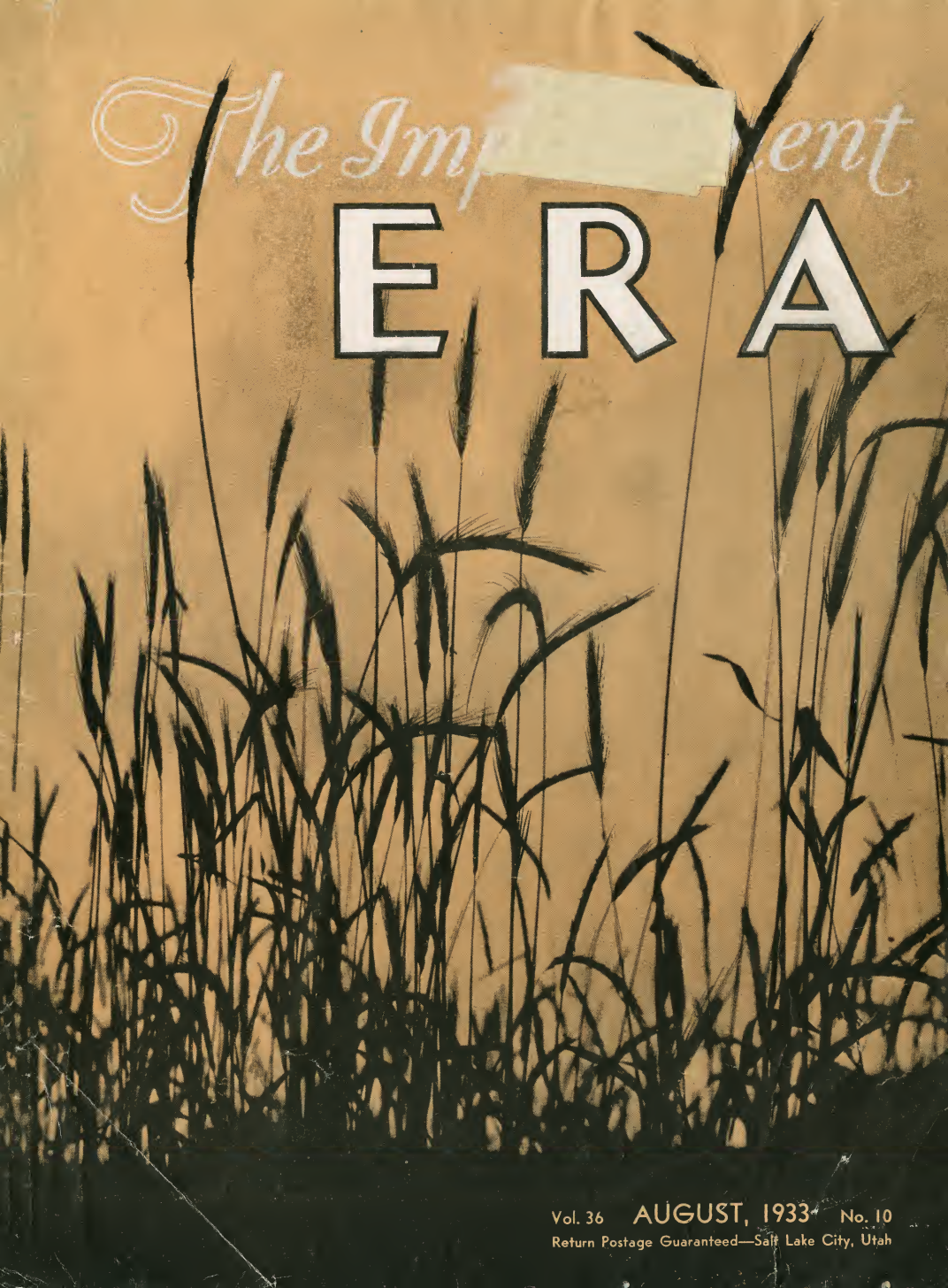


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The Improvement ERA

AUGUST, 1933
Volume 36, Number 10

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
Harrison R. Merrill, *Managing Editor*
Elsie Talmage Brandley, *Asso. Editor*

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

IN order to complete our series on the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church, we have invited Bryant S. Hinckley, president of Liberty stake, to introduce our readers to J. Reuben Clark, Jr., the Second Counselor in the First Presidency. That article will appear in the September number of *The Improvement Era*. President Clark has had a colorful career and his intimate biography couched in the phraseology of President Hinckley will be a most interesting feature.

DR. L. WESTON OAKS, a specialist in the field of medicine, contributes an article entitled "Spirit and Body—Including Observations in Newer Physiology." All those of a speculative turn of mind will find this article profoundly interesting.

RELATION Between Shinto and Christianity, Especially Mormonism," is an article by a youthful Japanese convert who has been studying in this country for several years. This young man, a court reporter before he came to America, has traveled considerably among the Latter-day Saints and has some observations to make.

The Cover

THE Glory of Grain" might be given as a title to the cover this month. No one but an artist like H. Armstrong Roberts would think to make a photograph of such a subject; yet what an artistic piece he has given us.

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"Boats on the Bay," by A. B. Wright

What About *Leprosy?*

An interview with

Dr. Lyman L. Daines

By VIRGINIA B. JACOBSON



Dr. Lyman L. Daines

DR. LYMAN L. DAINES needs no introduction to the readers of the Improvement Era. As a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., his contribution to the success of the Mutual work is invaluable. He is, perhaps, best known to the members of the M. I. A. for the Adult Class Manual for the year 1930, of which Dr. Daines and Dr. A. L. Beeley were co-authors. This Manual has received unsolicited recognition from no less an authority than Dr. Haven Emerson, Head of the School of Preventative Medicine, at Columbia University.

Dr. Daines is Dean of the School of Medicine at the University of Utah, where he has given years of faithful service. He also holds the distinguished position of Pathologist at the L. D. S. Hospital. In addition to his chosen profession, Dr. Daines has excelled as author, lecturer, and last, but not least, as the devoted father of a fine family.

As a teacher, he has been a splendid influence in the lives of many hundreds of students. No one who has ever worked under this kindly, sympathetic, appreciative, though exacting teacher, will ever forget him.

We build monuments of stone to some men, but to such men as Dr. Lyman L. Daines, we erect them within our hearts.

LEPROSY has always been one of the most baffling of all diseases to which the human body is heir," said Dr. Lyman L. Daines, as we settled down in his cheerful office to talk about the most dreaded of all diseases. Dr. Daines knows what he says is true, for he has recently returned from the National Leprosarium in Louisiana, where he has been conducting extensive research work with leprosy, by appointment of the Government.

Dr. Daines' appointment as Special Expert in Investigation in U. S. Public Health Service, a distinct honor, came about through years of research with the so-called 'skin-lesion tuberculosis' in cattle. His work in this field resulted in some very promising conclusions. The first great step accomplished in this line of investigation was the cultivation of the organism causing so-called bovine 'skin-lesion tuberculosis.' Up until this time, no one had ever been successful in the effort to induce this germ to grow outside of its natural habitat. That alone was a great accomplishment, but the results of this work did not end there.

During their work in this field, Dr. Daines and his co-worker, Mr. Harold Austin, recognized the striking similarity between the reaction of the organisms causing these 'skin-lesions' in cattle, and those causing human leprosy.

So surprising were their findings, that the government Public Health Service invited them to continue their investigations in the National Leper Hospital near Carville, Louisiana. At the present time their work is still in the experimental stage, and no definite results are available. But it is to be hoped that leprosy, the most dreaded of all human diseases, stands on the threshold of exposure by scientific investigation.

TO fully appreciate the magnitude of the work these two men are doing, it would be necessary to go with them into a leper hospital, and actually see the problem they are attacking. It is no little undertaking for fine, clean men willingly to go to a leper colony, and work and live there, with only the glorious, unselfish desire to alleviate the curse of the most afflicted of all human sufferers. Too much cannot be said of such men, who work so untiringly for the good of others, with so little to be gained for themselves. To work in the field of bacteriological research requires great courage and perseverance, and demands extreme technical skill.

"Mr. Austin deserves much praise and credit for the results so far obtained," said Dr. Daines. "Had it not been for his faithful stick-to-it-iveness in his constant effort to cultivate these germs, we would not be as far along in our investigation as we are today." This was the tribute paid by Dr. Daines to his pupil and co-worker.

Mr. Austin is a graduate student at the University of Utah, working in the field of bacteriology. As a project for his thesis for his Master's Degree, he was assigned the problem of inducing so-called bovine 'skin-lesion' tubercle bacilli

to grow under artificial stimulation, which he has so painstakingly accomplished. Dr. Daines, in his appreciative and modest way, gives much credit to his co-worker, but had it not been for the years of previous research and exhaustive study by Dr. Daines, there would have been no such problem to be worked out. Both men deserve much credit and high praise for their unselfish service to mankind in the work they are doing.

"How did you feel about entering the leper hopsital, and mingling among the patients?" I asked Dr. Daines.

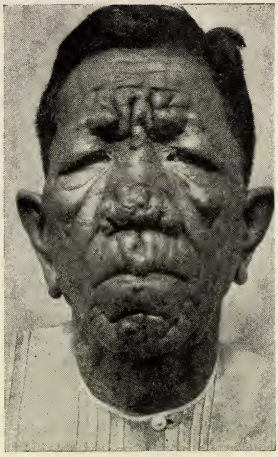
"To the uninitiated, the work among the lepers seems extremely hazardous, but the result of years of constant observation of those cases under medical care, disproves the old theory and belief that leprosy is highly contagious. Under hygienic conditions, leprosy is not a serious menace to the general public. It is only slightly contagious, and probably requires long, continued and intimate contact for the disease to be contracted. Knowing this, of course I had no fear of contracting the disease, even though I worked with the patients in every stage of leprosy," was the illuminating reply.

In the past, the dread of any contact with the leperous has made research work with this disease extremely difficult. Doubtless, the present unwarranted fear of leprosy has largely resulted from stories found in the Bible, concerning diseases called by this name. Voicing the general opinion of the medical world today, Dr. Daines said that, "the leprosy spoken of in the Bible is a very different disease from that now known as leprosy."

IN Biblical times so little was actually known of the ailments of the human body that perhaps many forms of skin diseases were called by the same name, and were looked upon with the same abhorrence and fear.

A glance through the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus reveals no less than eight different descriptions of "leprosy." Only one of these in any way resembles leprosy as we know it today. In most of these so-called "leprous" conditions the sufferer was pronounced "unclean" for the period of seven days, when he was again examined by the "priest." If it was found that the nature of the disease had changed in a specific manner described in the Bible, then the "priest declared him clean again."

Dr. Rogers and Dr. Muir, noted Leperologists connected with research in leprosy in the British Leper Hospital in India, in their book "Leprosy," say: "There has been much controversy regarding the true nature of Biblical leprosy, for the description of the disease as highly contagious, yet readily curable, and producing the appearance of 'white as snow,' is very far from being correct as applied to leprosy as we know it, and it is generally agreed that the 'zaraath' of the



"Lion face," one of the stages of leprosy

Bible included a number of skin diseases such as psoriasis as well as leprosy. It is also a theory that 'saraath' implied tabu rather than a definite disease."

Thus it is quite evident that the greatest basis for the popular belief that leprosy is highly contagious is not well founded. As proof of this, in the thirty-nine years, since the leper hospital at Carville, Louisiana, was established, not one doctor, nurse, or any other attendant has contracted leprosy. These attendants are constantly mingling with the patients in every stage of the disease. Yet, by using the same hygienic precautions which would be employed in handling almost any infectious disease, practically no danger is encountered.

Perhaps the most significant proof of the very slight possibility of contracting leprosy under normal hygienic living conditions, lies in the fact that only four per cent of the non-leprous husbands and wives, who have lived in properly conducted leper colonies with their leprous mates, have contracted the disease.

BEFORE 1875, very little was known even among the medical profession concerning the contagion of leprosy. Doubtless many of the early volunteer workers in the leper colonies contracted the disease, largely through carelessness and lack of knowledge about ordinary precautions. Among these, Father Damien is a remarkable example. For years he worked practically single handed among the lepers of the Molokai Leper Settlement. After twelve years of faithful service, he contracted the disease which caused his death in 1889. Even during the four years of his affliction, he continued his ministrations to the others so afflicted. While Father Damien is a splendid example of self sacrifice for the good of others, it is generally agreed that had he been more careful, his sacrifice would not have been necessary.

However, much credit should be given those early volunteer workers in this cause, who, in their ignorance, sacrificed their lives. By this, there is no desire to discredit in any way the noble work of today. The removal of the constant fear of almost certain contamination, makes the work of the present day attendant more positive. Those who care for the lepers, today, know that by following certain precautions they can handle the very leprosy germs themselves without fear of subsequent infection.

It was only sixty-two years ago, in 1871, that a Norwegian, G. Armauer Hansen, recognized the leprosy germ, but was unable to cultivate it. Since that time, many unsuccessful attempts have been made to cultivate the leprosy bacillus for laboratory experimentation. This is the precise mission before Dr. Daines and Mr. Austin at the present time. Needless to say, the world awaits the outcome of their work with intense interest.

Doctors Rogers and Muir have this to say: "Although, more than

fifty years have passed since the discovery of the lepra bacillus, we have no certain proof that this organism has ever been cultivated. No other organism has ever resisted the efforts of the bacteriologists so long."

"If you should be successful," I asked, "just what would it mean?"

He smiled as he leaned across his desk, and took a book in his hand. As he turned the pages, he replied: "It would mean that curative measures could possibly be developed which are almost impossible in any other way. The words of Drs. Rogers and Muir in this book will best express just how much our success in this project would mean to the leper. 'Until we are able to cultivate the lepra bacillus, it will be impossible to make an absolute statement as to which cases are infectious and which are not. * * * Most cases, when they are first capable of being diagnosed, have not become infectious or a danger to their associates. * * * Most cases, if treated early, will never become infectious at all."

CONSIDERING that leprosy is recorded to have been encountered as early as 1350 B. C., and that practically nothing was known concerning its cause and cure until the last sixty years, it is small wonder that new developments are of such great interest to almost everyone.

"It is not surprising that exaggerated opinions regarding the contagiousness of leprosy have been so long held in view of the terrible deformities of face and extremities brought about by it, and the mysteriously slow and insidious spread of the loathsome disease. Nor is unreasoning dread of leprosy by any means extinct even in the most educated races of the world, as witnessed by a recent instance. A leper was brought into court in the United States. So great was the terror, that most of those present, including 'the judicial ermine,' fled from the room." (Rogers and Muir.)

Among people in general, there are many erroneous ideas concerning the true nature of the disease as it affects the human body. The popular opinion is, that leprosy turns the flesh "white as snow" and lifeless, finally causing it to drop from the body. This is not so. The so-thought "dropping off" of the extremities is rather an absorption of the bone, accompanied by a shrinking of the flesh as the bones recede. This often results in the loss of toes and fingers, and frequently even the hands and feet. This is called the "anaesthetic type" of leprosy, so-called because of the accompanying loss of feeling. This loss of sensation frequently causes the patient unknowingly to injure himself, by burning and cutting, since there is no sense of pain.

The other form of human leprosy is called the "skin" or "nodular" type. It is usually in this form that leprosy first makes its presence evident. Usually, one or more skin lesions appear some place on the exposed portion of the body. The appearance of the typical skin lesion, in general, is as follows: A depigmented patch appears. (By depigmented, is meant, a reduction of the normal skin coloring.) In the center of this spot a red patch forms and gradually spreads, causing unsightly nodules of various sizes, generally on the face and hands and other exposed parts of the body. These nodules cause swelling, often becoming ulcerated. This is really what makes of it such a loathsome disease. If it continues long, unchecked, it frequently attacks the eyes, often causing total blindness, and attacks the vocal organs, causing loss of voice.

ONE of the most baffling things about leprosy is that it will often lie dormant within the body for as long a time as forty years. Other cases become evident within a few weeks or months after the individual has come in close contact with it.

Leprosy is painful only in its early stages, but produces abnormality, loss of function, and disfigurement evasive of description and unattained in any other disease. The greatest suffering of the leper comes from the mental anguish suffered in his realization that he is an outcast from society. This mental suffering, no doubt, is increased by the slow response to treatment, and the knowledge that he may live for years before some complication arises which will mercifully release him. Leprosy, itself, seldom causes death, but gradually weakens the system until some organic trouble arises which does cause death.

It is impossible accurately to estimate the number of lepers in the world, because of the relatively small number who are receiving institutional care. One authority avers that there are about one million, while another equally recognized authority estimates that there are no less than five million lepers, with China, India and Africa each harboring at least one million. There are perhaps a thousand lepers in the United States. Of these, only about 375 are isolated in the National Leprosarium.

"Where are the rest of the thousand?" I asked Dr. Daines.

"Most of them are hiding, because of their fear of being isolated. The great pity is that many of

(*Continued on page* 612)

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

As this is being written A. B. Wright, head of the Art Department of the University of Utah, is badk again in France, which, for years, has been his loved summer painting ground; no doubt he will visit again "The Darce" where he painted the subtle and delightful sea picture shown as Frontispiece for the August "Era." "Boats on the Bay" is an exquisitely painted color arrangement of rose against blues. The reflection of those rose sails in the bay make, or complete a nice line of beauty. The quality of sea-craft, earth, sky, cloud and shallow sea, each and all reflect Mr. Wright's searching drawing.

He is always a student. Visit the exhibits to be seen in Salt Lake City and witness this painter's versatility. He will select a street scene in Old Moret which may reveal colored plastic walls, or shady cove recesses and always with little well balanced and infinitely well selected groups of pedestrians; you will find interiors of an old church, San German L Auxerrois, whose chancel and nave and lofty fretted ceiling transfer you to the presence of the little old gothic cathedral of the Latin Quarter with its sum of elegance, dignity, and mystery.

You will find, too, old houses lining the canals of Bruges, or the church towers of lovely Villefranche, emerging from the delicate greenery of low hills on which the town, now French, now Italian has been builded; then, too, mark the colorful quays, fishermen lugging bright nets. and long lines of wind-filled sails of fisher's craft. Then there are women with their river-side-wash days, little, remote towns, and a whole green beflowered country side,—these and a hundred other quaint themes of his stir our interest and reveal his passion,—well we would paint. too.

So when school days are over and A. B. Wright turns to the Old World to satisfy his passion to paint its storied and animated bits, we wait with longing the new, A. B. Wright collection for this year, 1933.

Promise of the WHEAT

By ISABEL NEILL

Fay Morgan was city bred. She never could learn to love the unending acres of wheat as her husband did. She longed for city things—parties and fine clothes and city comforts—but Fay was right at heart, as right as the waving wheat.

AS the light wind stirred it, the great field of young wheat rustled softly, as if it were whispering secrets. It rippled and shimmered in folds like a green sea.

Fay Morgan, walking at the edge of the wheat on her way to the mailbox by the road, looked at it with no appreciation of its fresh beauty. She hated the wheat with a strange and jealous hatred. The wheat came first with Frank. She was only second.

When she had come to the ranch, five years earlier, she, too, had thought the wheat beautiful. She had watched it eagerly that year. Her expectant eyes had caught the first glimpse of the sharp green spears stretching up through the brown loam. During the spring and summer she had seen the spears advance steadily, growing straight and strong. She had thrilled with the first touch of gold in the green. Then the field had become a yellow sea, bright as the sun; a sea that had faded, after a few days, to a taffy paleness. Then there had been hubbub of reapers and threshers, and the stubble, bleached and full of memories of what had been and what was to be when the brown waiting days of the winter were over.

Fay had been sure of herself that first year and sure of Frank. She saw the wheat as a means to an end. In another year or two, those golden harvests would take her and Frank back to the city, where she had always lived, and where she wished to live again.

THEY had been so prosperous, those first easy years. Wheat had been in demand, and Frank had made plenty of money.



At the end of the second year, with a comfortable balance in the bank, Fay had broached her plan.

"Let's go home to Mayville," she had begged Frank. "We've plenty of money. You could start in business, and we could buy a lovely little place in some nice residential district. Do, Frank. We'd be so happy."

But Frank had not answered at once. His eyes had strayed out to the stubble, lying pale and bare in the October sunlight. And his eyes were the eyes of a lover.

"No, Fay," he had answered slowly. "I can't do it. I had thought that I could, but I can't. These years have done something to me. Growing wheat makes me feel that I am really worth while in the world. I am helping to stay its hunger. I must stay here. You don't mind, do you, Fay? They have been such good years. We've been so happy here, working together."

But Fay did mind, and said so. She spoke bitterly of her loneliness, of the drudgery the keeping of a home entailed. She wasn't used to it, and didn't like it. She wanted to be back in Mayville, among the lights and glitter of the busy town, with her friends about her and a constant movement of gayety swinging on every side.

SHE pleaded with Frank. She wept. She lapsed into sullen silences. But Frank was adamant. He bought more land, and improved the strains of wheat he was planting. But Frank was not ungenerous. He gave her a large check, and told her to go back to Mayville for a visit, to spend a good part of the long winter there.

This Fay refused to do.

"It would only make me dissatisfied," she told Frank. "If I were to go there for the winter, I might never want to come back."

She had stayed on. In time, Frank hoped, she would become

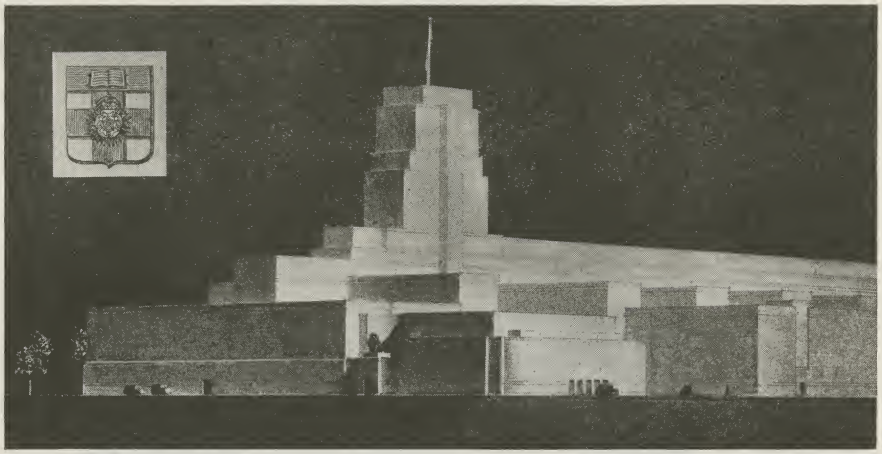
(*Continued on page* 621)

"No, Fay," he had answered slowly. "I can't do it. I had thought that I could, but I can't. These years have done something to me. Growing wheat makes me feel that I am really worth while in the world."









The Proposed New Building, University of London

English Universities

London and the Newer Institutes

By

ARTHUR L. BEELEY, M.A., Ph.D.

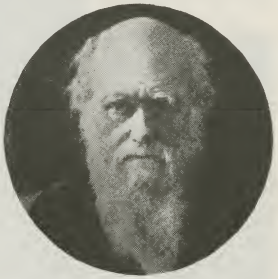
ONE of the best measures of a nation's greatness is the range and quality of its universities. In them we see the importance which its people attach to the higher learning and its pursuit. They are a symbol of a community's strength and an evidence of its spiritual vigor. As Lord Haldane once put it, "It is in universities that the soul of a people mirrors itself."

It is customary, nowadays, to decry the rapid advances of material culture; but it is too often forgotten that there has been also a parallel growth in education on all fronts. This, of course, makes the outlook for the future more hopeful, because education, when broadly conceived, is the counter-balance of material culture.

It is because of this growing emphasis upon education and its pursuit on the higher levels, that many of us cannot share the gloomy view of Spengler regarding "the inevitable decline of the West." For not only are the universities of a nation its chief conservators of knowledge, they are also its best agencies for the discovery of new, scientific truth. They stand in the same organic relationship to society as the brain does to the body; they are its thinking apparatus and its inventing machines, so to speak.

THIS article by a member of the General Board of the M. I. A. will introduce our readers to the importance of the University in modern life. In doing so the author has reviewed the purposes and achievements of several great English Universities that have been the "brains" of modern society and the fountain springs of knowledge of the world about us.

IT is precisely this service which the British universities have rendered the Empire. Moreover, they have furnished a constant stream of well-educated, technically-trained men and women who are collectively responsible for the



Charles Robert Darwin, D. D., F. R. S., 1809-1892

Reproduced by special permission of the artist, Hon. John Collier, and National Portrait Gallery, London.

high standards of public service and national life which are some of the distinguishing marks of British influence and culture.

The university movement in England is largely an achievement of the nineteenth century. It ranks as one of the enduring accomplishments of the Victorian era. It is seldom realized, for instance, that only two of the twelve flourishing universities in England and Wales today were in existence about a hundred years ago.

These twelve institutions fall historically into three groups. First, the famous "old" universities of Oxford and Cambridge established in the Middle Ages. Second, London and Durham, founded in the 1830's during the period of the Reform Movement. Third, the remaining eight (with the exception of Wales, whose federation of four constitutent colleges was chartered as a university in 1893), belong in their present form to the twentieth century: Birmingham, 1900; Bristol, 1909; Leeds, 1904; Liverpool, 1903; Manchester, 1903; Reading, 1926; Sheffield, 1905. It should be added, however, in the case of all ten of the newer institutions, that the founding of the university was essentially a recognition or an expansion of one or more constituent colleges which already had been in existence anywhere from five to fifty years.

It is worthy of note in passing that Scotland has four famous universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh, the first three of which were founded by papal edict in the fifteenth century. Edinburgh University was established in the sixteenth century. Its famous medical school now attracts students and teachers from all parts of the world.

THIS historical grouping of English universities reveals two striking facts: first, the exclusive occupancy of the field of higher education by Oxford and Cambridge for about five hundred years. Second, the sudden rise and spread of the newer institutions in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. How are these facts explained?

The unique influence of Oxford and Cambridge can be understood, of course, only with reference to the general university movement in Western Europe which had its origin in the Middle Ages with the rise of the *studia generalia*, those centers of instruction in the higher branches of learning established by the scholastic gilds. These gilds were usually spontaneous groups of students and teachers—many of them foreign—who, out of sheer necessity, organized themselves for self-protection against extortion and other annoyances from the local townspeople. Many of these groups received a license from a king or a pope and later became quite generally known by the title, *universitas magistrorum et scholarium*. The University of Bologna, for instance, founded in the twelfth century, had its origin in just such an association.



Jeremy Bentham, 1748-1832
Figure of Jeremy Bentham, one of founders of Oxford College, London, and his actual mumified head. By the terms of his will he is present "in person" at each annual meeting of the college.
Reproduced by special permission of The Orthological Institute, Cambridge, from Jeremy Bentham by C. K. Ogden, London, England.

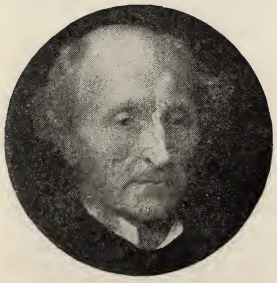
The rise of the early universities, however, also represented a dissatisfaction with the narrow range of instruction provided by the monastic and cathedral schools of that period. The University of Paris arose, in part, out of such a reaction. It was founded in the thirteenth century and became the model for Oxford and many of the other universities in Europe.

Thus, by the close of the Middle Ages, a university was a *society* of teachers and students devoted to the higher learning. It was, in fact, a corporate body enjoying broad powers and privileges, including the right to confer degrees. The founders of these institutions were, for the most part, the radicals of that period and their followers included persons of various nationalities and all shades of religious belief and political persuasion. Many of them were impecunious, but they suffered no disability on that account.

Like most of the other medieval universities, Oxford and Cam-



Joseph Baron Lister, 1827-1912
By permission Oxford University Press.



John Stuart Mill, "The Saint of Rationalism," 1806-1873
From painting by G. F. Watts, by permission National Portrait Gallery, London.

bridge soon succumbed to the domination of the church. For centuries, in fact, it was their chief aim to train men "fit to serve God in Church and State." As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century the religious tests limited admission and graduation to members of the Church of England.

MOREOVER, the expense of an education at Oxford and Cambridge shut out all but the wealthy. The curriculum, even in the modern period, stressed the classical subjects and mathematics to the exclusion of the natural sciences and modern languages. Little attention was also paid to training for the law or medicine, with the result that these educational duties were gradually taken over by the Inns of Court and the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

So that at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Oxford and Cambridge were chiefly concerned with the education of "gentlemen" for public life, politics and the ministry. To quote Sir Charles G. Robertson, Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University, "they had come to be the endowed preserve of a class; they were not in the main stream of national life, and except in so far as they influenced the governing class, counted for little in national development. In one sphere, however, they were and remained supreme—the National Church."

During this period Great Britain had crossed the threshold into a new social and economic era. Following on the heels of the Industrial Revolution there was a rapid increase in the population, a rapid growth of cities with a consequent rise of the "middle" classes. New bodies of knowledge in science, technology and the arts were clamoring for university recognition. It was inevitable, therefore, during such a period of flux, that the searchlight of utilitarianism—the new philosophy of the day—should be focussed upon all existing institutions and their weaknesses exposed.

It is only on such a background of social change that we can understand the rise of the newer institutions, led by London, and the renaissance of higher education which their creation brought about.

THE actual turning-point in the history of English higher education coincides with the establishment of University College, London, in 1826.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, impressed by what he had just seen of the German universities, particularly the newly-created University of Berlin, wrote a letter to *The Times* in 1824, proposing a university for London. The suggestion was at once favorably received. Indeed, all sorts of people rallied to the enterprise—Whigs, radicals, the bitter critics of Oxford and Cambridge, the Benthamites and others—with the result that University College opened its doors to students in 1828.



William Ewart Gladstone, 1809-1898
"One of Oxford's unique contributions is the large number of eminent statesmen it has produced."

It was the aim of the founders to build a university in the Metropolis capable of providing a substantial education in all branches, including the new sciences (e. g., chemistry) and modern languages, and available to all who could profit by it, irrespective of creed, class, race or sex. At a time when the doors of Oxford and Cambridge were closed to Dissenters and Jews, and their curricula limited largely to the classics and mathematics, this was, indeed, a radical departure.

The opening of Unversity College, London, as a non-sectarian institution was a direct challenge to the "defenders of the faith" who countered, two years later, by the establishment of King's College, where it was provided that "instruction in the doctrines and duties of Christianity as taught by the Church of England should be forever combined with other branches of useful education."

It was for the purpose of providing these two rival institutions with an examining body, empowered to confer degrees, that the real University of London came into existence in 1836 by Royal Charter from William the Fourth. It was charged "to hold forth to all classes and denominations of our faithful subjects without any distinction whatsoever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education." Originally, however, only students from University and King's Colleges were admissible to the examinations for the University's degrees. It was not long, however, until all of the degrees (except in medicine) were thrown open to all candidates who presented themselves for the examinations, irrespective of the college in which they had done their work.

This system of examining "external" students from institutions not affiliated with the University (chiefly those in the provinces and some in the Dominions) is still in effect today. While it is, of course, open to many serious objections, it nevertheless enables the University of London to exercise a powerful influence in standardizing the work of these unaffiliated institutions. Degrees earned out of residence are designated "external" degrees and are not quite of the same social value of those "internal" degrees earned by students in residence at the University.

BY the close of the nineteenth century the University of London had become a throughgoing academic organization of all the important teaching and research agencies in the Metropolis. Several Acts of Parliament, chiefly those of 1898 and 1924, have facilitated its growth and re-constitution,

(*Continued on page* 614)

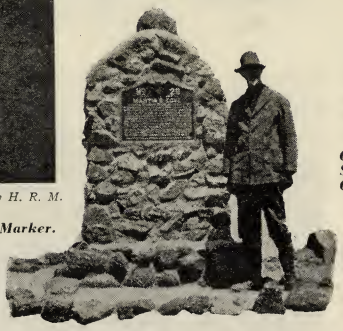
Marking the HAND CART TRAIL

By
Harrison R. Merrill



Photo by H. R. M.

We Must Not Forget
Robert Robin, setting the plaque in the Martin's Cove Marker.



President George Albert Smith at Martin's Cove.

"And we hear the desert singing—
Carry on, carry on, carry on!
Hills and vales and mountains ringing—
Carry on, carry on, carry on!"

SEVENTY-SEVEN years ago on the fifteenth of July, Captain James G. Willie and a large company of hand-cart immigrants left Iowa City for Salt Lake Valley, and about two weeks later Captain Edward Martin led a similar group out toward the West despite the fact that both had been warned that the season was too far advanced for such a lengthy journey. With hearts filled with high faith eager to reach Zion, the promised land, the Saints could not be dissuaded from the journey.

In the middle of July with the sun scorching hot, who could picture severe winter weather three months away? Besides, was not the Lord with them, their vanguard and their rear-guard? With eyes set upon the western horizon the hand-carters began their journey in joy. In the most part they were converts from Europe who had pictured for weeks this great adventure.

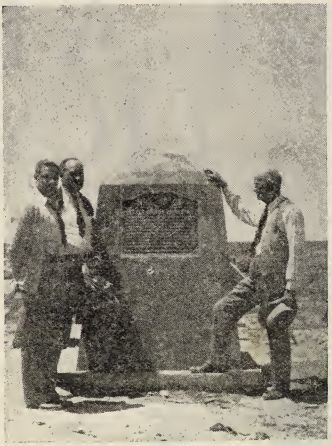
To us, used as we are to swift transportation, those people appear to have been beside themselves. We must remember, however, that the drop from the ox, or even the horse team to the hand-cart, was not so great as from the auto. Those who drove ox teams walked practically all the way. Poor, without funds and with little property, why could they not walk all the way when the Lord had prepared an abundance of food along the trail in the fish of the streams, the fowl of the air, the countless herds of buffalo, the deer, the antelope, and the elk?

Unfortunately, however, the hand-carts which had been provided for the immigrants had been too hastily constructed for such a lengthy journey. Many of the wooden axles were not even seasoned, and the leather boxes soon gave trouble. As the Saints approached the rough terrain near the mountains the vehicles became rickety and practically unserviceable. Delays were caused by the repairs which had to be made before the companies could proceed.

Two or three contingents of hand-cart pioneers had reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake in

safety, but the ill-fated Willie and Martin companies were not so fortunate.

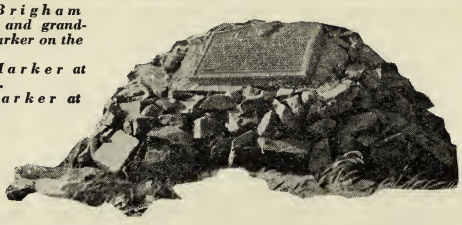
Winter set in early in the year 1856. As a result there are two especially tragic spots on the Old Mormon Trail which will be connected forever with this great trek. The one is Martin's Hollow or Cove; the other is Rock Creek.



AN early October snowstorm caused the Martin party, at that time dragging its weary way up along the Sweetwater River in Wyoming above Independence Rock, to seek shelter in a cove admirably situated in the side of the granite ridge which forms the northern boundary of the Sweetwater Valley. Wading the icy stream, the tired, homesick, suffering Saints struggled up into this cove sheltered to some extent on three sides and beside a tiny spring, pitched camp.

Using fry pans and tin plates, for they had no shovels, they cleared the snow away as best they could and pitched their meager tents. Beyond them stretched at least a month of travel at the rate they were able to go even in good weather. Without doubt many resigned themselves to a bitter fate.





Upper: Brigham Young's son and grandsons at the marker on the Big Sandy.
Center: Marker at Martin's Cove.
Lower: Marker at Rock Creek.

Photo by Giles.

Beyond at Rock Creek, more than a hundred miles distant, the Captain Willie company was suffering in like manner, except that at Rock Creek the elevation is much greater, and, consequently, the nights must have been much colder.

More than one hundred forty of the Martin company perished after they left the Platte and in that little Cove, and thirteen of the Willie company were found dead on a single morning from the bitter cold and were buried in one large grave along with two others who died during the day.

Fortunately, out in Utah were men who were well acquainted with the mountains and with travel. When the winter came early grave concern was felt for the hand-cart immigrants and preparations were made to send rescue parties out to meet them. Fortunately, too, Franklin D. Richards, Daniel Spencer, Cyrus E. Wheelock, George D. Grant, and William H. Kimball, returning from Europe, had passed the belated companies upon the trail. Upon arriving in Salt Lake Valley they reported the condition of the immigrants and returned to succor them. (See "Popular History of Utah," by Whitney, p. 113.)

It is probable that practically the entire Martin company and a very large percentage of the Willie company would have perished had not rescuers from the Valley found them as soon as they did, for as has been said, more than 140 of the Martin company perished. Fortunately, the weather moderated when the companies had reached the western side of Old South Pass.

To mark these two tragic spots and two other historical locations, a caravan consisting of a number of cars and between thirty and forty people, under the guidance of Elder George Albert Smith, president of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, left Salt Lake City on June 21. In the party was John D. Giles, secretary of the association, his father and family, and a number of other descendants of the pioneers including Don Carlos Young, a son of Brigham Young, and Alma and Lillie Clayton Wolstenholme, a son and a daughter of William Clayton, secretary to President Brigham Young, composer of "Come, Come Ye Saints" and author of one of the most complete journals kept by any of the pioneers.

The group went first to Old Fort Bridger, stopping at various markers and historical spots enroute. At the Fort upon the arrival of the caravan, work of marking a section of the old wall constructed by the

Mormons in 1855 was begun. Robert Rodin and Cannon Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, were the chief workmen.

The party was joined at Fort Bridger by H. Melvin Rollins, president of Lyman stake, who had been placed in charge of preparing the various markers.

At Old Fort Bridger a bonfire party was held at which several descendants of the pioneers spoke and various pioneer songs were sung. Don Carlos Young told an interesting story illustrating a phase of the character of his father.

THE following morning the caravan left for the Tom Sun ranch on the Sweetwater near Independence Rock where the second camp was to be made and where the monument marking the Martin Ravine event was awaiting the plaque which President Smith was carrying with him. Upon reaching the Sweetwater it was found that Elias S. Woodruff, president of the Western States Mission, his son, son-in-law, and several of his missionaries, had erected a splendid monument of granite boulders. Mr. Rodin, an expert rock cutter, set to work placing the plaque. Despite the efforts to delay the work put forth by swarms of gigantic mosquitoes, the plaque was soon well anchored to the monument. The company then went on to the ranch for supper.

At 8 o'clock the group returned to the monument for the dedication ceremonies. It was unveiled by Mrs. Wolstenholme and was dedicated by Alma Clayton, son of William Clayton who passed that way in the first pioneer company about July 9, 1847, and whose mother was with one of the first companies of hand-cart pioneers.

The monument stands beside the highway about a mile from Martin's Ravine which can be seen across the river.

Mr. Sun's reception was warm and hospitable. He, his sons, his wife, sister, and mother were all hearty in their welcome. He furnished a quarter of beef for the camp and Mr. Clifford Eyre, of Rawlins, had a trailer on the ground loaded with tools and drinking water.

The services at the monument and at the bonfire that evening were conducted by John D. Giles. Henry E. Giles, the veteran violinist, added much to that occasion, as well as to all occasions along the way, by playing his violin and singing some of the old pioneer songs.

From the Tom Sun Ranch, after



Photo by Giles.

Utah and Wyoming Officials at the Old Mormon Wall, Fort Bridger

a brief visit to Independence Rock and to Martin's Cove, the caravan sped up the Sweetwater and over the sage-clad hills to Rock Creek, following a road that is little improved since the Saints traveled over it more than a half century ago. At the Lewiston Mines Mr. Charles Jackson joined the group and led the way to Rock Creek with its lonely and temporarily marked grave containing its many bodies.

The wild iris were in bloom. Mr. Jackson declared that on every Decoration Day since he has located the grave, he has decked it with those wonderful meadow flowers.

Camp was soon pitched on what must have been the exact spot where Captain Willie set his own tents. Just below was the old trail still plainly visible after these many years, though scarcely if ever used since that tragic October.

Lyman Fearn and his assistant had provided a huge boulder for the bronze plaque which had been brought in from Salt Lake City by Edwin Q. Cannon, son of George Q. Cannon and president of the company which makes the plaques. Once more Mr. Rodin set to work finishing up the job of setting the marker.

On the following morning in a brief ceremony presided over by Leonard Love, a descendant of the first pioneers, the dedication was performed by Elder Henry E. Giles.

ONCE more the caravan moved on, this time over Old South Pass, though now the road misses the actual pioneer trail by a few miles, and on to Big Sandy, where the third marker was dedicated. This one marks the spot near which on the Little Sandy Brigham Young for the first time met the famous trapper, Jim Bridger, and was told by the scout that the valley of the Great Salt Lake was visited by frost practically every month of the year and that he would give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn which could be grown there.

During the ceremony President George Albert Smith told a story of his own experience which left little doubt in the minds of those present that Bridger did make such a remark, even though the idea has been scouted by some historians.

The dedicatory prayer was offered by Willis J. Lyman of Lyman, Wyoming, descendant of the pioneers.

The road was now leading homeward and the caravan moved on back to Old Fort Bridger where the final bonfire program was held Saturday evening on the historic ground. The following morning the group participated with the State of Wyoming in dedicating Old Fort Bridger as a state park. President Heber J. Grant and George Albert Smith both spoke on the program. At the conclusion of the Wyoming ceremonies, the crowd moved over to the Old Mormon Wall where the plaque was unveiled by Mary and Leilah Wood, and Lucille Pratt Giles. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President George Albert Smith.

Four markers were set up and

(*Continued on page 639*)

Boulder- THE CITY BY THE DAM

By
HARVE BUNTIN



"Don't call it a model city," Sims Ely, city manager warns the visitor.

RUNNING a model city without crime, politics, graft or unemployment, is the task of supervisors at Boulder City, Nevada—and they accomplish their job efficiently.

"Don't call it a model city," Sims Ely, city manager, warns the visitor. "It's just a super-excellent construction camp for Hoover Dam." Despite the admonishment, Boulder City *is* a model community. Its 6,000 inhabitants form a larger population than many incorporated cities, especially in the West. A complete school system, hospital, modern water and sewerage system, electric lights, telegraph office, telephone exchange, theatre, stores, shops and a railroad are found at this new community. Those facts should permit Boulder City to fit under the "city" category.

In its two years of existence this city that was hastily but carefully constructed on sandy, sagebrush covered wastes, has never had a major crime and but few minor ones. This is in spite of the fact that there are men of known criminal records working in the depths of Black Canyon where the gigantic Hoover dam will be wedged between the precipitous walls.

Boulder City's families are orderly. They maintain their own homes in neat, small houses rented to them by their employers, Six Companies, Inc., builders of the dam.

A BAROMETER of the type of residents that populate this desert city may be found in the well-filled churches each Sunday. A civic spirit has been developed that lifts above the average these people who have been gathered at



Sims Ely, City Manager

Boulder for the "Big Job" from every state in the Union and from distant construction sites in Panama, the Sudan and a dozen other far flung outposts. A keen rivalry has grown up between Boulder City and Las Vegas, its nearest neighboring community. Boulder men and women delight in vieing with Las Vegas for any city improvement even though the latter city is some 27 years the senior.

Boulder is a city of young families, the average age of the men being 33 years. Statisticians have not as yet determined the birthrate at Boulder in comparison to other towns, but Manager Ely says the rate is phenomenally high.

For these reasons, and because the often ugly problem of intra-city politics and the corruption that sometimes mires other larger and smaller communities is decidedly lacking, this new city may be called "model."

Boulder City is situated on a Federal reservation. The Department of the Interior plans and guides the future of the city and the Bureau of Reclamation carries out the program. The Bureau's construction engineer, Walker R. Young, is in charge of not only the city but the engineering project. Under Mr. Young is Sims Ely, city manager. Mr. Ely was borrowed from the Federal Land Bank in Berkeley, California, for the job. He is a business executive of wide experience in Western States, being well-known in the Intermountain and Southwestern areas. Mr. Ely is in charge of public works at Boulder City, including the departments of streets, water, lights, landscaping and gardening. He also supervises the departments of education, law enforcements, public health, finance and business operations for Mr. Young.

ALL of Boulder's principal streets are paved with asphalt; residential streets are surfaced with oil treated gravel and curbing and sidewalks are of concrete.



Panorama of Boulder City. Colorado River flows through mountains in the background.

Big things are done in a big way. Read this story of a mushroom city and marvel at the ways of men who tackle big enterprises.

WATER is taken from the Colorado River, eight miles distant, and lifted 2,025 feet for use in Boulder City. The water, at first muddy and sluggish—"too thick to drink and too thin to plow"—engineers say—is settled in big tanks, chlorinated and softened. When ready for use it is clear, pure and sparkling as when it first started its trip to the sea from the springs and snows of the high Rockies.

A two million gallon tank serves the city through a complete system of mains and service pipes. Consumers pay the Government a trifling fee for the water, based on cost of treatment and pumping.

Electric power is carried to Boulder City over a two hundred mile transmission line from California power plants. This same line will carry back part of the power generated when the dam is completed. The power now entering Boulder is sold to the Government and retails to the consumer at cost plus maintenance expense. The streets are outlined with ornamental steel standards carrying lights of 6,000 lumens brilliancy. Most of the homes are equipped with electric refrigerators and other appliances.

Landscaping is strongly stressed in this model city. Many of the residential streets are rimmed with elms and evergreens; lawns surround public buildings; residences have their own gardens planted by the tenants. Some of them cling to orthodox standards—a little lawn, a few well-placed shrubs and trees. Others gain pleasure in experimenting with desert vegetation;

Relief Map of Boulder Country



and several have developed unique and interesting yards through the use of cactus and other plants native to the surrounding desert.

When the Government first laid plans for Boulder City, the needs of the school system remained to be determined. For the first year of the city's history, private teachers opened subscription schools in whatever tent or building Six Companies was able to provide at the time. The instructors received small tuition fees from the parents and utilized what books and supplies they could scrape together. Finally Congress appropriated $70,000 for a school building and equipment, but no money was provided to employ educators. In the autumn of 1932 the school building was completed but was staffless. Six Companies and Babcock and Wilcox, the latter as contractors for steel penstocks to be used in the dam construction, donated a total of $24,200 for school operation. Fourteen teachers were selected from a list of 300 applicants. Only those whose past experience was the broadest and whose scholastic standings and abilities were the highest were chosen. Boulder's school system went into operation with 700 pupils and before the end of the semester another hundred were attending classes.

LAW enforcement is under the direct control of a police department composed of experienced men who have passed a rigid civil service examination. These officers are also deputy United States marshals and are empowered to act in cases outside the federal reservation which contains Boulder City and the dam site. There are no "speakeasies" in the city and it is the duty of police to keep liquor dealers weeded from mushroom road houses that occasionally spring up at the edge of the reserve.

A gate across the highway from Las Vegas is the only easily accessible entrance to the reservation and is patrolled day and night by officers. All cars, whether they contain workmen or visitors are stopped and inspected. Persons with business in Boulder City are provided with passes; tourists are required to register at the police station and report their exit when leaving the reservation.

In this manner, and through a complete card reference system indicating the history of everyone employed on the project, the authorities at all times know who is in the construction area and why.



Latter-day Saint Chapel, Boulder City

Workmen who appear at the gate intoxicated after a payday spent in Las Vegas, are promptly paid off and expelled from the reserve. Others who are trouble makers, or who commit petty crimes are also ejected. In other words the population of Boulder City can be, and is, virtually hand picked.

Agitators who would carry inciting creeds among the workmen are barred at the gate. Some of the more persistent who approach the reservation from the rough country on the Arizona side of the river are soon singled out by the police espionage system in use among the work forces and are quickly ousted.

Gambling, despite its legality in Nevada, is not condoned within the reservation.

FOLLOWING the completion of Hoover dam the contractors' forces will be withdrawn and the remaining people will consist of the government maintenance crews who will operate the dam and power house, and those independent merchants who will stay to cater to the wants of the comparatively small group.

Boulder City, despite the shrinkage which is certain to come with the completion of the dam, will never become a "ghost city" like those which already dot our western states. A small community will, in all probability, continue to thrive. Many of the houses may be abandoned and moved away; some of the streets may cease to teem with life, but the "heart" of the city will continue its beat. It will continue to be the "City by the Dam."

In the meantime, out on the desert where, before engineers conceived the idea of putting the mighty river to work there was but a barren, sun-baked slope, this modern little city will continue to bustle along efficiently and complacently until the "Big Job" is completed in four more years.

Dr. James E. Talmage Passes

AS the last proofs of this number were ready to go back to the printer, word came that Dr. James E. Talmage, father of Elsie Talmage Brandley, associate editor of *The Improvement Era* and one of the best friends Church publications have ever had, had passed away at his home, 304 First Avenue.

Dr. Talmage had been away from his office only a few days when the end came. No one, not even his physician, realized that his illness might prove fatal although he had been ailing for some time and had made remarks which indicated that he had some premonition of an early demise.

The Improvement Era next month will carry an article about Dr. Talmage. The brief story of his life may be had in the July, 1932, number of the magazine.

In this article you will be introduced to

The Utah Art Barn

By LUCILE ROGERS MARSHALL



Art Barn, Salt Lake City

UTAH'S love of art has glowed with increasing vigor since it first blossomed among the hardships of the pioneer desert, and is flowering today in a rich and mature expression, the Utah Art Barn. Utah has been unique in its development; its citizens have always, even in their most arduous struggles against the elements, guarded a place in their lives for artistic expression. Early settlements gave evidence of their culture not only through schools and churches erected beside their factories and shops, but through theatres as well. Musical societies voiced this love of beauty, and many present day citizens of Salt Lake Valley remember a symphony orchestra, remarkable for its time, which thrilled its public and formed the nucleus of later musical organizations. All of these ventures, even when they disbanded, left a legacy of experience and enthusiasm to groups of art promoters who came later.

The art center at Springville partook of this unique heritage and developed as a natural expression of the same Utah temperament evidenced in the art activities of our forefathers. It is this heritage of enthusiasm for beauty which has prepared the way for the present realization of a longing and a need.

Our pioneering is well-nigh over; our gardens are planted; our houses are built—we have now but to maintain them—only at this stage does a community find adequate time for enjoyment of art. We are entering upon a new era when our culture shall be embodied in charming mediums and preserved for future generations. The dawning of this new era is symbolized in Utah's new art center.

The idea underlying the movement was born quite appropriately at an alumnae meeting of Chi Delta Phi, a national university fraternity organization for the purpose of fostering fine arts. It was here that Mrs. John Jensen, in response to a stimulating discussion of the community's need of an art center, advanced some of the unique suggestions which have constituted the success of the present project. And although these suggestions were not in the main adopted by the committee appointed at this meeting to promote such an undertaking, they persisted with increasing vigor in the mind of Mrs. Jensen. A year or so later, therefore, since the Chi Delta Phi group had failed to achieve its purpose, she revived her idea and enlarging its scope to civic proportions set about its achievement.

MRS. JENSEN'S plan was, in brief, a plan for housing and

(*Continued on page* 615)



How Lovely *Youth*

THE tall boy knotting his blue silk tie at the mirror did not look happy.

"Robin," a voice came to him from another room, "before you go will you come out here on the sun porch?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Carol called twice while you were down to see Grandfather."

"Did she?"

"You haven't called her yet, have you?"

"I'm going over right now." He ran his hand over his dark hair.

"Did you want to use the car, Son?"

"No thanks, Mom. I thought I'd walk."

There was a little, two little lines, on the boy's smooth forehead. He leaned and looked, for a brief minute, out of the window, then he gathered his overcoat and hat and went out to the sun porch.

His mother looked up from her book.

"Carol is a very sweet girl, Robin," she said softly. "I hope she's the girl for you." And then, "How does it feel to be home again after so long?"

"Sometimes I think it's perfect, and sometimes—well, I don't know. I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel like a gypsy must feel inside. I want to go and go and go. I want to sleep and wake in queer places." He flung himself down in a chair. "The last two years have been among the happiest in my life. I loved the work, and meeting new faces, and getting new ideas. An absence does something to you, Mom, whether you want it to or not. It affects different people different ways. But I know one thing—you're never the same again."

"I know, Robin."

"You always know, don't you?"

Her eyes were wistful. "You look bigger to me. You seem, actually, to have grown half a head, and your shoulders are so broad, and you're so brown. Honestly, Robin, you're brown as an Indian. I had an idea, you know, that you'd have a bookkeeperish look when you came home, I don't know why, but all pale, with your shoulders a little stooped, and your chest hollow, and maybe a sort of racking cough." She laughed. "But you've been cared for beautifully."

He laughed, too.

"You look, my dear lad, like a young god, the one you used to tell me about when you took Greek. What was his name? Apollo. What color were his eyes?"

"Maybe kind of gold-colored."

"Yours are blue, so you're the best looking." She twinkled at him. "I've never seen any gold-colored ones. Have you?" Queer sort of conversation—.

"I did once. They were lovely."

His mother looked up quickly. "I suppose, Robin, that the eyes you saw belonged to a very old man with white whiskers?"

He smiled. "They belonged to a red-headed girl in bright blue pajamas. I might tell you about her when I come home, and I might not. Will you be up?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll be up. Tell Carol hello for me, won't you?"

He bent and kissed her.

OUTSIDE it was colder than he had thought. The dry leaves rustled and blew, and the skeletons of trees scraped and rattled in the smoky-colored wind. The moon was a broken white china saucer on the dark floor of sky, with bits of it swept carelessly about to make the stars.

Carol was a fine girl, he meditated, as he walked along. She'd be a fine wife. She was almost as tall as himself, and all white and gold, except for her blue eyes and black eyelashes and pink fingernails and pinkish mouth. Carol was a fine girl, all right, a lovely girl, and he thought a great deal of her. She'd been the nicest kind of person to be engaged to while one was away from home. There hadn't been a week that she didn't write, or send him some little thing that he needed. Her letters had been sweet and encouraging.

She'd be a fine wife, "simply swell," the boys had said when he'd shown them her picture. His life would be neatly, wisely managed, neatly, wisely tucked into a big white house with green shades at the windows. He thought, queerly, that he would probably have to eat a good deal of spinach, because that was good for him. When a woman loved a man she always saw to it that he got what was good for him. Carol did love him.

He walked faster, with his head down in the cold wind that had

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

(Author of "Sixteen Sings")

●

*This time it is Robin and Jennifer and Carol and Richard. * * * That makes a quadrangle, doesn't it, and not a triangle?*

●



She laughed up at him, which did something very lovely to her eyes and mouth. "You're at Green Towers, and everything around for miles and miles belongs to my father. Except me. I belong to myself. And you. You belong to yourself, too, I guess."

sprung up. That girl * * * had a silly name. Jennifer. Only when you thought about it and thought about it, it got very pretty. That late afternoon in May when he'd found their place she'd been asleep on the porch, in wide blue things, with funny little blue slippers on her feet. He'd been astonished at all her red hair that went in curls and heaped-up waves, and at her brown skin, and at her incredible brown-gold eyelashes. When she'd sat up and looked at him, he'd been amazed at the gold color of her eyes.

"I'm lost," he said.

"That's very nice." Her voice made you think of ripe fruit and very clear cold water and a little girl singing.

"It's not nice at all. It gives you an odd feeling."

"I've been lost often, in all kinds of places. It doesn't," she said, "give me an odd feeling."

"Doesn't it?"

"No. I just find somebody and say, 'Hi, there, can you tell me where I am?' and they do, and then I get straight again very fast."

"Hi, there," he said, "can you tell me where I am?"

SHE laughed up at him, which did something very lovely to her eyes and mouth. "You're at Green Towers, and everything around for miles and miles belongs to my father. Except me. I belong to myself. And you. You belong to yourself, too, I guess."

She pushed a small bench toward him and he sat down. "I don't belong to myself at all," he said, "because nobody does, really. You don't."

"You must be," she said, looking hard at him, "something quite wonderful. You're too very much good-looking to be an Insurance Agent."

"I'm a kind of Insurance Agent."

She tucked her hair back of her ears with two little hands and leaned back. "Are you?"

"Yes, in a way."

"How nice. Looks are deceiving. What do I look like?

"Oh—a savage, I think."

"A cannibal, perhaps. A devourer of people."

"If you were very hungry and they were small and sweet." He smiled at her.

(*Continued on page* 634)

"This *Invisible World* Of Ours"

Allow Dr. Thomas L. Martin, agronomist and bacteriologist of Brigham Young University, to introduce you to "This Invisible World of Ours."

By
THOMAS L. MARTIN



"Microbes, they believed, were ugly shaped tiny animals."

THE invisible world about us is teeming with living things, called microbes. The word "microbe" to many people is repulsive, for they believe that microbes are synonymous with sickness and disease. When man was emerging from the stage in which he believed that all illness was due to the wrath of God or the malice of Satan, there were a few courageous souls who declared that disease was caused by microbes. Microbes, they believed, were ugly shaped, tiny animals which, if magnified enough, would be shown to possess large tentacles, and big searching eyes which would lead the animal into contact with the human body where it could tear the person to pieces or deposit some poison which would slowly bring the body down to disease and death. No wonder man instinctively shudders when for centuries he has associated the word "microbe" with such a picture.

As a matter of fact, only between 30 and 40 species of microbes have been found which are causative factors in human disease. There are thousands which have never been known to cause any disease, and thousands more which work for the good of man. An acquaintance with microbes in their various environments impresses man with the wonders of the invisible world.

To know what microbes exist in the air and to know how they may be beneficially used or controlled is satisfying. So is the information about the microorganisms which live in water and in milk. These two foods are vital to man, yet they constitute favorable homes for both good and bad bacteria. An awareness of the numbers and kinds, and a knowledge of how the water and the milk may be bacteriologically good for men is knowledge which contributes to man's welfare.

Space, however, compels one to examine just one phase of this invisible world—that which is found in the soil. The microbes in this medium are mostly fine, docile creatures which, when intimately known, rouse a feeling of wonder rather than of repulsion.

SUPPOSE we try to imagine what a cubic inch of soil would look like if it were enlarged to a cubic mile, and that we stand off and observe its nature. We would notice the following: The little particles of rocks and minerals that make up the bulk of the soil, would appear like large boulders several feet in thickness. The majority of the stones would look just like the pieces of quartz found in the bottom of a stream bed. Gummy or gluey substances known as colloidal matter would be found around the majority of these particles, and scattered throughout the mass of rocks would be pieces of animal and plant remains, some completely decayed, others partially so, looking like large partially decayed logs so commonly seen in forests. Millions of little bacteria would be scurrying to and fro as though bent upon some important mission. The small roots of the plants held in place by the little root hairs clinging tenaciously to the neighboring rocks, would appear as large as telephone poles gradually pushing their way through the whole soil mass, drinking up the water found in the various air spaces between the stones.

The action of these growing roots would arrest our attention. We would notice that the tip of the root was provided with a root cap something like a doughboy's hat. It would push aside the large boulders and go in a definite path according to the direction given it by the back part of the root. If we watched long enough we would see this root cap gradually sluffed off and left behind and a new cap would take its place. New root hairs develop behind the root and

the older hairs are left behind to perform another service.

These roots have a great amount of company. Millions and millions of little microorganisms, as many as nine hundred million to the pound of soil, follow in the path of the root. They remind one of a vast pack of wolves waiting to pounce upon their prey. They are hungry and must have bread and butter or starve. They are ready to grab at anything that looks like food. Just as soon as the root cap is sluffed off or the older root hairs cease to function, these organisms by the millions pounce upon this organic matter, devouring it and leaving in its place a black inert material and a large amount of gas useful for the maintenance of normal soil processes. If the root itself does not move as vigorously as it should; if it acts as though it is undecided where to go; or gives indication of suffocation because of lack of air; or gets rather indifferent to its job for any cause whatsoever, the bacteria very quickly set up a city in that vicinity and start to work tearing the root to pieces, and feasting upon it. There must be health in the roots or the bacteria make short work of them.

It is interesting to observe the organisms, which are divided into little armies. Organization is even more complete than the proverbial German army. The first group, or the advance guard, attack the pieces of organic matter and liberate many of the organic compounds. So much carbon dioxide develops during this process that the bacteria practically suffocate, weaken, migrate to other parts of the soil, or die. In a short while the carbon dioxide diffuses throughout the soil atmosphere. This leaves the region fit for new habitation. A new army of bacteria now marches to the conquest. They work upon the protein material and set free much ammonia. Eventually they liberate so much ammonia that they find it unpleasant and move to new quarters. The presence of this ammonia becomes attractive to a third party, which thrives upon the ammonia and changes it to nitrite compounds. Immediately the power of smell or other stimuli causes the approach of a fourth group, which quickly proceeds to change these nitrites into nitrates, the form of nitrogen which is dissolved in the soil water, absorbed by the root hairs and most readily utilized by the plants.



Dr. Martin examining soils near Provo, Utah

The way these little bacteria organize themselves for work is truly marvelous. Their activity, the adjustment of the gaseous environment, the changes in the soil solution, the colloidal or gluey material that is constantly being formed and destroyed as the needs of the plant dictate, are truly wonderful to observe.

DOES one realize the significance of all this activity? These billions of little organisms interested in themselves only, leave in their by-products the very materials which make possible life upon the earth. Without their work there would be no plant foods, therefore no plants, and consequently no animal or human life. Without these little friends of ours the earth would be practically lifeless.

This subject of soil microbiology is very important to man, because if he is to progress, he must learn to understand this little soil factory with its workers and the kinds and disposition of each group and guide them into a line of activity which will be beneficial to him. This is the way man will learn to subdue the earth. When he resolves to study the microorganisms he finds that there are many kinds, some like little rods, others like marbles, and again a few are like corkscrews, in form. They must be magnified one thousand times before man can begin to know them intimately. He finds that these various shaped organisms group themselves according to the work they perform. I have already referred to the ammonia and nitrate producers. There are also a few groups which take the nitrogen from the atmosphere and fix it so the plants can use it. The plants in turn furnish a home in the nodules which develop in the root areas. This fact was not known until a few decades ago, and it was not until this knowledge came into existence that it was possible to raise alfalfa profitably in many parts of the United States.

SOME bacteria fix nitrogen without the aid of other plants. They are present in all of our soils. An acquaintance with them has made it possible for the dry farmer to use them to his advantage and raise better crops of wheat. These bacteria need certain moisture, temperature, and air conditions if they are to fix their nitrogen. They work best during the latter part of March, April, and May. When the soil is loose and friable, (that is the way properly prepared dry farm soils are during this period), much more nitrogen is made available to the succeeding crop. This knowl-

(*Continued on page* 638)



Mr. Menyhart Illustrating the Shafer Method

By
Walter C. Menyhart
For Sixteen Years Life-Guard
at Coney Island

As told to
Arthur L. Marble

Can you swim or can't you? You will like this article in either case, for the water claims many victims annually —needlessly.

How to be Safe in the Water

ARE you safe in the water? Do you know what to do in case of cramps? Do you know what to do when the tide becomes too strong and starts to carry you out to sea? Inability to answer these questions and many others is why so many people drown when they become panicky in the water.

The main reason why so many people drown may be laid to the fact that seven out of every ten people who go in the water who can't swim don't know what to do, or lose their heads in case of an accident. This may account for the hundreds of lives that are lost yearly from drowning. Even some very good swimmers drown because they don't know what to do in an emergency. Just because you are a good swimmer don't think you are immune from the possibilities of drowning. You may be an expert swimmer, but unless you have a cool head and know what to do in case of an accident, you are just as liable to drown as the beginner. It's a cool head and the knowledge of what to do in an emergency that makes one safe in the water.

If people would only learn not to be afraid of the water and have more confidence in themselves when they go in to swim, there would be fewer lives lost through drowning, and fewer accidents.

People also have an idea that one is practically certain to drown if he falls into the water with his clothes on. It is true that one couldn't swim as well with his clothes on, but clothes would not prevent his floating.

A man can take off his coat and even his trousers, if he wants to, and a woman her dress and coat. If I knew I had to be in the water a long time, however, I wouldn't take off my coat. I would know that my real danger was from exposure. And clothing, even when it is soaked through, is a protection, and tends to keep the body warm.

A person who understands how to float could stay afloat until he was exhausted from hunger and thirst, if it were not that before he reached that point he would be exhausted from exposure. However, that would be a question of a good many hours for a person of

average strength, unless the water and the weather were very cold. And it is safe to say that, except under very unusual circumstances, he would be rescued before his endurance gave out.

If you were on a vessel that was about to sink, the thing for you to do would be to put on a life preserver and a good warm coat. Do that before you think about your money or your jewels. Don't forget either the life preserver or the coat. The one will keep you from drowning, and the other may keep you from dying of exposure. One is just as important as the other.

I don't know whether it is possible to get people to realize this. I've had years of experience with accidents to people who couldn't swim; and I have seldom encountered a person who did not lose his head, or her head, as the case might be. There's no difference between men and women in that respect. Both are equally panicky.

I've tried to explain that it isn't the water but the people's fear of the water that causes most of the accidents. And the only way to get over that fear is to find out for yourself how unnecessary it is, and to have confidence in yourself.

REMEMBER that the most important fact of all is that you can and will float, if you give yourself a chance. In case of accident, it is often more important for you to be able to float than to know how to swim. You can teach a child to float in a bathtub. You can teach yourself if the tub is large enough; but it would be better to learn in some pool or bathing beach.

It is a crime for parents not to see that their babies learn to take care of themselves in the water. Every six-year old child could, and should be able to swim.

Anybody that ever goes into the water, or even on it, may meet with an accident. The common sense thing to do is to learn to swim. But these things which I have just told you will help you even if you can't swim. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, and don't try to breathe when you go under the water. Turn on your back, put your head back, lie still and you will float. When someone tries to rescue you—let him do it! Never go into the water soon after eating. If you are a swimmer and have an attack of cramps, don't have an attack of panic, too. Float on your back for a little while until the pain eases up. If you are swept out by the undertow float on the waves until they bring you back. For every wave that takes you out there is a wave to bring you back. If you are in a hurry to get back, signal by waving your arm, and somebody will see you and come to your rescue.

Practice breathing exercises so that you can hold your breath for at least one minute—more, if possible. Think and plan in advance what you will do in an emergency. Do this often, so that when the emergency comes your mind will be ready with ideas so firmly fixed that it may save you from panic and disaster.

One of the meanest superstitions generally held is one which relates that when you have sunk for the third time you are lost. This is just a myth. If you keep your mouth shut and hold your breath when you go under, and fill your lungs with fresh air when you come to the surface, you may go under and come up an indefinite number of times. When you sink remember that in a few seconds in water not too deep you will surely rise again and then you will be able to catch a breath. The time required for a body to go down eighteen feet, the body never sinks to a greater depth, and return to the surface is a little more than a minute. The ordinary person can hold his breath for half

(*Continued on page* 617)



Illustrating the "Carry"

Things

Illustrated by
CORNELIUS VANDERENDE

By
CLAIRE STEWART BOYER

All of us like to collect things and to us they seem very important. Ma Keller was no exception until—but then you, too, may be saving something for the children.

WHEN Ma Keller gave up her home and came to live with Celia, her son's wife, she did so with one reservation—that she could bring her things with her. Now Ma Keller's things consisted of an oak chest that had come across the plains, two trunks, three teakwood cases, a hat box, two stocking bags fat and bulky and a suitcase—a gift from her son. These with a reed rocker and some family portraits were heaped in Everett's auto and dumped out on the porch of his bungalow. When Celia saw them she tried not to look astonished. She helped Ma Keller into the house and insisted that they all have tea before the bedroom was fitted up with its new belongings.

At the table Celia was attentive but Everett carried on the conversation.

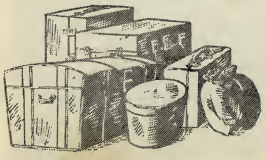
"Don't know whether the room'll hold 'em all, but if not we can put the old trunks in the basement."

Ma Keller stopped eating, and with direful finality announced:

"My trunks and I live in the same room!"

Celia smiled at her husband and the conversation was shifted. The little homekeeper had no uneasiness about the coming of her mother-in-law into her life, and no resentment. Everett had suggested it and carried it out with her happy approval. However, as she moved about in her well ordered domain, Celia often felt the gray eyes fixed upon her and would turn. Always she saw the same thing—Ma Keller would smile, then she would dart into her room and there remain until by some pretext Celia could get her back. Four months later she became so attached to her room that she refused to leave it. At meal times Celia wonderingly brought the tray. Something was troubling the silver-haired lady and her daughter-in-law could not begin to fathom it. To her questions, Ma Keller would answer sweetly:

"O, its just my things, my dear," and then she would dive into her trunks, arrange and rearrange and sort again.



WHEN Celia informed Everett of his mother's self-imposed retirement, he said it was likely one of her whims. But inwardly he feared Ma Keller was not happy in her new home. Perhaps she was secretly planning to go East to Tasie. He must speak to her. He found her in her room,



Celia's sister lifted a jet silk dress and Ma Keller's eyes shone. Her fingers itched to hold it. If Celia had picked it up instead, she would have gone over just to feel its silkiness between her fingers and perhaps rub it against her cheek.



busy, but apparently happy. He began by apologizing for Celia, her habits, her methods of housekeeping. His mother looked at him steadily and then flashed forth as she had done the day he stole his first and only watermelon.

"Everett Keller, don't you complain of Celia to me. I didn't come here for that. You have a wonderful little wife and I thought until now that you appreciated her." And she whirled and began sorting some of the treasures in the tray of her biggest trunk.

"As a matter of fact," laughed Everett, "I do, but I didn't think you did. You spend so much of your time in here and so little with her."

"So that's it?" The gray eyes, grayer because of the silver locks above them held a pitiful look, and Everett hurried to his mother and put a strong arm around her.

"We like you to show us you care if you do, you know," he said lightly, raising her chin and kissing her withering lips.

"That's what I was trying to do in here," she answered slowly, and closed the lid of the trunk. Celia stood in the doorway.

"Dinner!"

"We're coming," he waved her away. "I'm glad that's all it is. Now you just forget all this stuff and link your life to ours, can't you do that?"

Everett's mother regarded him curiously.

"At my age," she said, "we don't forget. I'm not here for long, Everett. I must link my life to yours with my things."

"Oh, go on, you're only seventy. That makes me think—we are planning to give you something fine for your seventy-first birthday, but we can't decide on it. Celia didn't want me to tell you, but I thought if there's anything you'd rather have than furs, I'd like to know."

For a moment she seemed to be juggling a secret, then she gripped both sleeves of his coat.

"I want—another trunk."

Everett glanced around the room.

"For my things," she said.

That night Everett took Celia aside.

"Better go over her trinkets and duds and show her she doesn't need any more trunks."

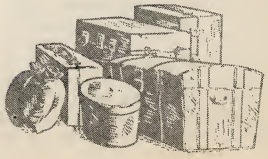
"Perhaps if we tell her our secret she'll forget her things!"

"Clever girl," laughed Everett, "I'll leave it to you and we'll get the furs."

MA KELLER spent some time each day with Celia in the living-room. When asked for her opinion on the arrangement of the china in the cabinet she was flattered and felt she had indeed done Celia a service in giving it. It did not take long before the two became more companionable than either had dreamed possible. Celia talked to her mother-in-law on every subject—except the things in the trunks and boxes and bags in Ma Keller's room. Ma Keller told her all about Tasie, her daughter who had "gone east" and how seldom she wrote in spite of the fact that she had no children.

Then came the opportunity to whisper the secret and Celia, all expectant, watched the effect of the news on the elder woman. Instead of a gentle pat on her wrist, a kiss and a tear as the little mother-to-be had expected, consternation seized Ma Keller and she burst from the room muttering something about her things and that "it changed everything!" And there she stayed. More restless than before, she sorted her things and left the room only

(*Continued on page* 632)



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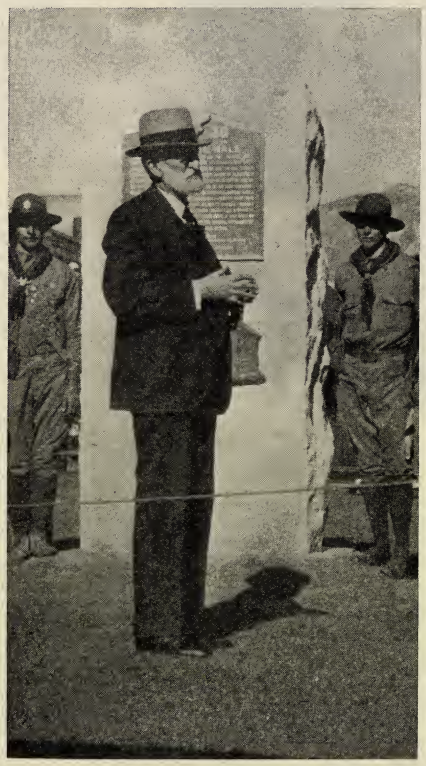
June Conference

By

HENRY A. SMITH

TO make the 1933-34 season the most far-reaching and effective of any Mutual Improvement Association year in the history of that organization is the avowed purpose of every M. I. A. officer, leader and member who attended the thirty-eighth annual conference in Salt Lake City, June 9, 10 and 11. The inspiration behind this avowed purpose came from the wealth of spiritualized instruction that featured every session of the June M. I. A. conference from the least to the most important.

The theme of this conference just closed, and it will be the guide of all Mutual effort during the coming season, is the new slogan, "Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us." Right from the very beginning, when Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the general superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., introduced the slogan at the first session in the Assembly Hall, this theme seemed to catch hold of everything and everyone. It was everywhere present. It formed the subject of discussion of general sessions, department meetings. It was commented upon by individuals and in groups, and its general worthiness as an M. I. A. slogan and guide for the coming year, was felt by all.



President Heber J. Grant at the dedication of the Social Hall Marker

Many interesting features combined to make June conference of this year an outstanding one. One of the foremost of these was the inspired presence of President Heber J. Grant at several of the sessions. During each address of the President, whether brief or long, the listener could not help but sense the enthusiasm which the Church leader felt for the work of the M. I. A. throughout the Church. The counsels and advice of the President were timely and his appeals went home to many thousands who heard him.

PRESIDENT GRANT gave the M. I. A. conference an impetus that was not lost throughout the sessions. Speaking at the first meeting, he made a stirring appeal for all as members of the great M. I. A. movement to stand by the ideals of the association and especially in its attitude on prohibition and repeal of the eighteenth amendment. A few of the striking statements from President Grant's opening address are:

"I rejoice in the wonderful young men and young women of the Church, the time they give to the advocacy of the principles that we teach. I rejoice in the fine manhood and womanhood of our Mutual Improvement people, and I am in hopes that the young men and young women of this Church who are in the Mutual Improvement Association will be the outstanding leaders during a great campaign that is coming pretty soon for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"I hope that every Mutual Improvement worker, young and old, officer and member alike, will be found



"Where There's a Will" Cast, Belevedere Ward, Grant Stake, Church winners.

on the right side; and the right side is to keep the Eighteenth Amendment." * * *

"I have been a citizen who has loved Utah and worked for Utah at home and abroad, and as a citizen of the United States, not as the President of the Church, I am unqualifiedly in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment, and I do not believe and never expect to believe that by throwing the bars down even partly we are going to be benefited. I have no ill will toward any man, woman, or child who favors repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, but whatever happens we shall expect every Latter-day Saint to obey the Word of Wisdom."

In this same meeting, President Grant paid a tribute to the *Improvement Era*. "I believe in it," he said. "I think it should be in every home. I think it is a mistake not to have it there. People are holding nickels—no not nickels but pennies—in front of their eyes, and hiding dollars' worth of information from their saving the price of the *Era* and not having it in their homes." The President explained his early connection with the *Era* and described a few interesting incidents of the early history of the magazine.

This first meeting of the conference Friday morning in the Assembly Hall, saw a large crowd of M. I. A. officers and teachers present. The building was filled to capacity when General Superintendent George Albert Smith of the Y. M. M. I. A. called the conference to order. He gave a message of greeting to those present and then introduced President Ruth May Fox, of the Y. L. M. I. A. President Fox expressed delight and appreciation over the accomplishments of the M. I. A. during the past year. She called attention to the great objective of the M. I. A., which is the attaining of perfection in so far as it is possible for a human being to do. She urged all to strive each day for the attaining of perfection.

ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD of the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. spoke briefly on the *Improvement Era*, telling of some of the features to be looked for in future issues of the magazine.

It was at this session that Elder Lyman introduced the new slogan as the theme for the conference.

The slogan as it is adapted to each department of the M. I. A. was treated in each of a number of department sessions held Friday morning following the general assembly.

Then came the long looked for contest finals when the picked finalists of approximately 50,000 people who had participated in drama, music, speech and story telling in the wards and stakes during



Marie Berg and Elwood Larson, Hollywood Stake, winners of original dance contest.

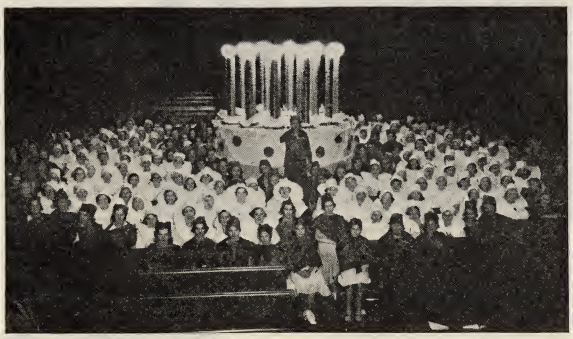
Photos by Amundsen Studio

Right: Lorrayne Hanson and Ronald Phair, Northwestern States Mission, winners contest fox-trot.

the past months, vied for honors. The quality of perfection attained by those participants in the finals, was a reflection of the interest and effort shown in the work of the M. I. A. during the season just closed. High standards of past years were maintained in every event.

Excellent success was achieved by the final casts in the opera. This being the first year of this type of competition in music, the success warrants its continuance during future years.

The L. D. S. college campus was the scene of additional interesting contests. Here the Vanguards of the Church did some spectacular shooting with bows and arrows, in contest with each other. The events were colorful and the crowd which watched throughout the afternoon and who attended the clout and flight shoots on the state capital grounds, seemed to gather the spirit of pioneer, Indian and even Robinhood days.



The Scout Birthday Cake with its twenty blazing candles and the Bee-Hive Girls who presented it.

Few if any of the receptions held by the M. I. A. at Saltair could equal the one which featured this year's conference. The famous resort was the scene of fun, frolic, and dance for thousands of the conference visitors. As guests of the general boards, many hundreds of the visiting officers and members were given lunch at the resort, and were guests of the M. I. A. on the dance floor. Here another new form of contest was introduced in grand finale. It was the original dance.

There were some beautifully executed dances composed by and participated in by M. I. A. workers. This proved to be an exceedingly interesting contest event from the standpoints of both the large audience and the group of participants. The Gold and Green fox trot, contest dance, was executed with precision and beauty by sixteen couples from all over the Church. With these contests over, many stayed and enjoyed the hospitality of the resort and danced on the pavilion.

Saturday saw the limelight of the conference switched to another department of the M. I. A.—the Boy Scouts. On the twentieth of May the twentieth anniversary of the official adoption by the Church of the Boy Scout program of the national council, was observed. To make its celebration Church-wide and providing for the participation of thousands, the program of observance was scheduled as part of the June conference.

For this purpose the Saturday evening session of the conference in the Tabernacle was set aside for the Boy Scouts. Assisted by the Bee-Hive department of the Y. L. M. I. A. who presented them with an electrically lighted birthday "cake" the Scouts and Scouters of the Church presented a program, featured by the presence and participation of Dr. Ray O. Wyland, educational director of the National Boy Scout Council.

DR. WYLAND complimented the Church on the success of its Boy Scout program, and told of the place for religion in scouting. He paid a tribute to the missionary system of the Church and to the social program of the M. I. A. He said he had never seen such an adequate and satisfying social program for the young people of a church, as had been displayed during the M. I. A. Conference.

Dr. Wyland had arrived Thursday, the day before the conference began, and visited several of the general and department sessions of the conference as well as being one of the speakers at (*Continued on page* 620)



Opening Ceremony of Vanguard Archery Tournament

Forever or Never

By Captain

TRUE BANHEARDT HARMSEN

The story so far: John Alder returns from a mission to Holland. Louise fails to meet him. The neighbors give him a warm welcome. He stops a deer hunting trip planned by his father and brother for Sunday. Quarrels with Louise, then learns that she had made it possible for him to finish his mission. Finds her in the arms of Biff Randolph at his welcome-home party at her house. John breaks with Louise, gets his ring back, and sours on the world. He is off on the wrong foot. After four months he goes to work on the Herald, morning newspaper, in the mailroom at seventy-five dollars per month. There is an extra one Sunday, and he is forced to miss church. The circulation manager tells him to adapt himself, to conditions, make friends, to find himself, to look for good instead of bad in people. He makes an attempt, and is asked to join the pressroom and mailroom gangs that night in a pie feed. Despite their violent dislike of him, John succeeds in making friends with the newspaper bunch. He has a fight with Biff and gets whipped. Red Grogan, pressman and ex-fighter, teaches him to box, telling him what to eat, and what not to eat. Just like a word of wisdom sermon. John is finding himself. Is told that he has a good chance of being assistant circulation manager, but he must marry. He wants Louise, but Biff Randolph seems to have her cornered. Shorty goes for the habitual pie and ice cream. Comes back with: "Biff is forcin' Louise to take a drink. She's hollerin' fer Johnny!"

PART FOUR

CHAPTER ONE

JOHN ALDER stood staring after the flyboy dashing back up the stairs. An ugly sound assailed his ears. It was the two gangs bunched behind him, uttering angry, throaty growls. Old Sam took charge. "Get some clubs," he directed, "that bunch of young rough-necks might get tough."

"Never mind the clubs," Red Grogan shouldered through to John's side. "You fellows keep them off my back, and I'll whip the whole mob. Let's wreck that joint! Come on, let's go!"

John grinned at Red. They were standing shoulder to shoulder. It was a grim grin; Red shivered,



Then a cold voice, harsh with authority, lashed out at them: "What is coming off here?"

and John laughed. He continued laughing as he climbed the stairs and walked down the alley to the street, but the laugh sounded like the grind of a two-edged sword being jerked from its scabbard. Red urged him to run, but John only increased his walk, his shoulders hunched forward, and now his laugh was deep in his throat, sinister. The pressroom and mailroom gangs bunched close together and followed silently.

They reached the cafe and speakeasy. Shouts and laughter mingled inside. Red stood aside; John shouldered the doors apart, and entered. It presented a respectable enough appearance, and John did not marvel that respectable people thought it a decent enough cafe and soda fountain. But now perhaps twenty shouting and laughing young people, both boys and girls, were gathered around a booth in the back of the establishment. The proprietor was leaning against the soda fountain watching, grinning. Red walked over to him, snarled in his face: "Why doncha call the cops?"

"Ain't none of my business," smirked the swarthy man.

RED jerked his left fist up against his chin and the smirk faded as the man slumped to the floor. The newspaper bunch pushed inside, and stood glaring. Red and John advanced to the fringe of the mob. Red pointed to the adjoining booth. John climbed into it and looked over the top of the partition.

He saw Biff holding a bottle above Louise's mouth, his left thumb and forefinger gripping her nose. Several hands held her shoulders, head and arms. He could not see how many. Louise gasped for air, and Biff poured the liquor into her mouth. She sputtered, gasped, and choked, but they held her while the liquor continued to gurgle from the bottle into her mouth.

Then John leaped over the partition, landed on his hands and knees on the table, and jerked the bottle from Biff's hands. Louise was released. The hands that had held her grasped John, tearing at his face.

There was a roar as the newspaper bunch charged. Boys and girls screamed, shouted. John was released and left sitting on the table. No one was left in the booth except Biff, who was crowding into a corner, and Louise. Out of the corner of his eye, John saw Red wading through the mob of young people, his fists flying in and out. Then he turned on the girls, catching them by the arms and flinging them into a corner where the pressroom gang held them. The mailroom, under the leadership of Jack, the foreman, danced wildly about the establishment.

A HEAVY blow struck John on the side of the head, and he rolled from the table to the floor. He bounced up, weaving in and out, laughing at Biff's bewilderment. Biff climbed out of the booth, and swung blow after blow, but John blocked each perfectly. Biff rushed, trying to trick John, but John had learned his lesson well. He toyed with Biff, enjoying the glint of terror in his eyes. Then John was caught off guard, and a terrific right to the jaw staggered him. Before he could recover, Biff followed up his advantage, showering rights and left to the head. He staggered to his knees, then fell to the floor.

A cheer went up from the prisoners in the corner, and a groan from the newspaper bunch. John shook his head, it cleared, and he rose on one knee. Clean living was telling, and he came up fighting. He loosed a terrific left, missed, but swung around in midair, landing flatfooted, and found Biff wide open. A hard right to the ribs, a left jab to the head, another right to the ribs, a left to the wind, and Biff staggered, his hands falling to his sides. Red had taught him that trick, and it had worked.



Wild Iris at Rock Creek

John waited until Biff recovered, then he stepped in, jabbed lightly with his right, then his left, then put all his weight on a one-two, right-left to the head. Biff staggered backward, and fell to the floor.

A mad yell went up from the newspaper bunch. The proprietor of the place had come to and was sneaking away on hands and knees. Sam caught him and pulled him toward the corner.

"This dirty rat stood by and watched it all," he was grinning, but lightning played in his eyes. "What shall we do to him?"

"He didn't dare call the cops," Red answered. "Give him to me. For the morals of the younger generation!"

THE cafe and soft drink parlor was a wreck. Broken glass strewed the floor, tables were overturned, showcases broken and smashed, the fountain was upside down. Red picked up the unconscious Biff and dragged him through the door! John turned on the boys and girls held prisoners in the corner.

"It would be useless for me to tell you what kind of trash you are," he bristled, "so I won't try. But I will do one thing for you. Any four of you who feel lucky, just step out, and I'll whip the four of you. You yellow hounds, forcing a decent girl to take a drink! You were not afraid to do that, were you? But you are afraid of me. One against four! Make it five! Make it six! Come on, all of you. Right can, must, and shall prevail! I'll put my back in a corner and take all of you. Cowards!" He spat the word at them, and the intensity of his deadly emotion made them shudder.

CHAPTER TWO

JOHN looked around for Louise, but could not see her. Had she sneaked out, ashamed at being in such a place? His chest hurt with that odd feeling as though it could not get enough air. Again he had butted in, but this

time he was not sorry. It was not because he had whipped Biff so soundly. He did not know why he was glad he had butted in. He failed to notice that everybody was silently watching him. And he could not see what they saw—Louise in the booth on her knees clutching at her throat. He stepped toward the booth.

Most of her paint and powder was rubbed off. The mascara on her eyelashes had run, staining her cheeks black. She looked up at John, and started crying. He knelt down beside her, took her in his arms tenderly.

"What are you doing here on your knees?" he asked tenderly.

She must have known that he was trying to make talking easier for her, but without hesitation she answered: "Because I wanted something real, and I came on my knees to get it—you."

"Your lipstick is all smeared." John whispered, not understanding what she meant. He had forgotten what he had told her once before.

"I won't use it any more, now you've come to your senses," she countered. "I won't use it at all. I'll wear stockings, too. I just went without them for meanness after you came home from your mission; before then, I—I—."

"I know, dear," John interrupted.

Louise looked at him a full minute, then held up her left hand, her fingers separated.

John fumbled hastily at his watch pocket as though afraid she would again change her mind, found the ring, and slipped it on her finger. Their arms went around each other. The welcome he had planned for his arrival from the mission field now materialized. They did not hear the laughter of the newspaper bunch, nor the tearful sniffing of Red Grogan.

"Just as soon as I get my new job, we'll be married," John declared.

Louise nodded her head. Tears were playing havoc with the rest of her mascara.

Then a cold voice, harsh with authority, lashed out at them: "What is coming off here?"

THEY got to their feet and faced the voice. It was the circulation manager standing in the door.

"It's fifteen minutes after press time, the composing room is ringing their heads off trying to raise somebody to take the cylinder plates off the elevator, and the newsboys are hollerng their heads off for papers, and here you are, like nice little 'sojers,' deciding whether two little love birds should or should not marry. Bah!"

He strode to John's side. Glared into his eyes.

"When is this wedding going to be pulled off?"

"As soon as I am District Manager—the first of next month."

"There you go shoutin' about 'District' something or other again. Are you ever going to forget your high and mighty past? If you get to be District Manager there will be no living with you, so forget it. You ain't going to be District Manager. See?"

Louise clasped John's arm. "Don't let that bother you, dear, I've got my job. It won't be the first time a wife has worked."

"So! You mean that?" roared the Circulation Manager.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, I object!"

"You object!"

"Yes, I object, unless you want to be the Assistant Circulation Manager's steno until after you get some furniture paid for."

"Assistant Circulation Manager!" John puzzled.

"Yeah, that's what I said, and you heard me!" The boss chewed on his cigar, then removed it. "That is, *if*, *as*, and *when* you two little love birds are put in the same cage. Get me?"

"We'll be married tomorrow," John assured. "I'll see the Justice of the Peace. Or," he turned to Louise, "would you rather your uncle, Bishop Taylor, married us?"

"Listen, Johnny." Louise tapped his chest with her ring finger. "When I get married, a Justice of the Peace is going to have exactly nothing to do with it, and all my uncle is going to have to do with it, is signing a recommend; but that is *all* he'll have to do with it."

"You mean the Temple?"

"And what else could I mean?"

"But Louise, what if we can't get along?"

"We can."

"But we haven't."

"But this is different. John, do you love me?"

"You know I love you."

"Then it is the temple."

"But—."

"Forever, or never!"

John clasped her in his arms. He looked through the mascara, saw only the character shining in her bright eyes. It seemed as though a great and good spirit looked out of windows at him. He breathed fast, his lungs hurt, his heart hurt—hurt good.

"And I thought you lacked faith," he murmured. "You put me to shame. Forever it is."

THEIR lips met, blended. She yielded to him, proud of his possession of her. But the voice of the hard-boiled Circulation Manager pierced through their happiness.

"Fer cryin' out loud! Get out of here before the cops put the whole bunch of you in jail. That paper has got to go to press, and how could you print a paper in jail?" He started to put his cigar back into his mouth, but held it before his eyes, and a grim look of disappointment crept over his face. "And you, darn yuh!" he glared at the tobacco. "You are keeping me from going in with them two and seeing them get married!"

He threw his cigar on the floor and ground it under his heel.



Mrs. Wolstenholme in the costume of 1847 at Old Fort Bridger.

Editorial

The Higher Law

ONE of the startling statements made by the Master to the Jews was that he came to fulfill the Law. He was very conscious of that mission.

He seemed to realize that the Law had been given to a primitive race and that the time had come when people should live upon a higher plane. He was tactful, however. He did not say, "The Law is out of date;" "the Law was for wayward children;" "the Law was for the wilderness."

Instead, He implied that the law was adequate; that it was a splendid code, so important that not a "jot or a tittle" should remain unfulfilled. Then carefully He announced that in Him the Law had been fulfilled and that now a higher Law must be substituted. Deftly he set over against the Ten Commandments, new teachings. Many other statements of the Law were also modified.

Perhaps it will be interesting to see set opposite each of the Ten Commandments, Christ's Substitute, for the Law of Moses, to a Christian has become ineffectual, for the reason that a true Christian lives on a far higher plane. A devout follower of the Master makes the Ten Commandments as unnecessary as does a true Latter-day Saint the laws governing murder or arson.

Ten Commandments	*Christ's Substitute*
1. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20:3.	1. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. 22:37.
2. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." Ex. 20.4.	2. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matt. 6:24.
3. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Ex. 20:7.	3. "Swear not at all." Matt. 5:3.
4. "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Ex. 20:8.	4. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.
5. "Honor thy Father and thy Mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20:12.	5. "Who is my mother, and my brethren?" Mark 3:34.
6. "Thou shalt not kill." Ex. 20:13.	6. "Whosoever is angry with his brothers without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." Matt. 5:22.
7. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Ex. 20:14.	7. "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his own heart." Matt. 5:28.
8. "Thou shalt not steal." Ex. 20:15.	8. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." Matt. 7:12.
9. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Ex. 20:16.	9. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Matt. 22:39.
10. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." Ex. 20:17.	10. "The light of the body is in the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Matt. 6:22.

"And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine." Matt. 7:28.—*H. R. M.*

Hobbies

ONE who has a hobby is never lonely in the sense that one is lonely who has no particular interest in life except people. Such a one, in the absence of people, feels that emptiness and boredom are his. A hobby is a magic carpet which wafts its rider to new and strange lands, and the charmed beauty of activity, and in the wafting goes over the gray plains of unhappiness and the jagged mountains of trouble, making them appear dim and insignificant in the distance.

What is a hobby? To many it is only a word fraught with little or no meaning. To others it is a pen, painting the picture of what others are doing. To those who have one, it is sheer delight and glad accomplishment, and the source and inspiration of the joy of every day.

The word "hobby" is defined as something in which one takes absorbed and exaggerated interest, but this definition might leave a reader with a wrong impression. One takes absorbed interest in religious activities, yet that would scarcely be classed as a hobby; children are of exaggerated interest to their parents, but they are not generally regarded as hobbies; work is of interest, and so are casual play and conversation and eating and sleeping, but a hobby is more than any of these. It is a pursuit one follows when his time is his own to use; one in which he takes great delight. Most hobbies are constructive; so the term has come to mean something worthy. Seldom, if ever, do we speak of a boy's hobby as being the throwing of rocks through the windows of neighbors, or of a girl having a

hobby of shoplifting. And because usage has crowned the word with a fine meaning, the whole field which is suggested by the word must be fine.

Hobbies have been classified as follows: collecting things, collecting knowledge, creating things. No one, perhaps, has ever felt justified in naming any one as being more valuable than the other two, for each has contributed its share of joy and triumph to those who have followed it, and in each type of hobby is to be found growth and success.

In the first type—collecting things—might be named such examples as stamps, Indian pottery, old prints, first editions, flowers of a certain region, swords, clippings, samples of fabrics, and innumerable others. In the second—collecting knowledge and information—might fall such collections as philosophies of a certain author, names of trees, names of birds, vernacular of American origin (one person who did this was able to write of different periods with assurance, for she was certain of the conversation of the time), scriptural quotations, Indian legends, etc.; and in the third would be listed such constructive activities as gardening, writing, painting, making furniture, embroidering, knitting, crocheting, making pottery, leather-tooling, clay modeling, toy-making, cake-making, etc. Some of the above named pursuits sound more like vocations than avocations, but many an individual has found his life work through the interest of a hobby—and work which needs no supplementing with play, for the joyousness of it puts into it the recreational spirit of play.

This very morning a woman was out gardening—following the hobby of her life—and acquaintances, passing, dropped in to see her. She was surrounded by a wealth of color and beauty—blue delphinium emphasizing the whiteness of madonna lillies; Canterbury bells ringing out a pastel song of loveliness; Shasta daisies next to blue lace flower forming an outdoor bouquet which put a florist's window to shame. And in the heart of the woman was the song of the earth, that friendly earth that takes little brown seeds from her hands and returns them to her in masses of color and perfume and glory.

If you have a hobby, ride it hard, and find in it all the blessings it holds. If you haven't one, set about to find what, to you, would be a soul-satisfying one. Never let it be said of you that life passed you by and withheld some of its choicest gifts because you failed to seek them. Find a hobby, and you find happiness.—*E. T. B.*

A New Declaration

JAMES, that keen, old Jewish teacher who believed that a man can best show his faith by his works gave us a definition of religion which emphasizes conduct. He said: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Now that was a very good definition. It so appealed to those who read it that men, especially in our country and in nearly all of the civilized countries of the world, have acted upon his suggestion and have inculcated in their laws a provision for those two types of individuals. Nearly every county in the United States, all of the provinces of Canada and the shires of England, as well as the political divisions of other countries have made provision for the fatherless and the widow.

But our social organization has brought about other classes who probably deserve some sort of recognition. Our individualistic way of living; our struggle for personal advancement and supremacy have brought distress to thousands who are not widows or fatherless and yet who are quite as helpless under circumstances such as those which have maintained since 1929 and long before that yet less noticeable. It might be well, therefore, to bring James up to date. No irreverence here is intended, for, verily, if James were here he would probably issue the edict himself, since conduct, in his eyes, was the measure of true religion.

It is suggested, therefore, that some such statement of conduct might be made to fit our times: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this to visit the aged and the jobless in their distress and to keep one's self, one's public and corporation officials unspotted from the sins of graft and corruption."

With winter coming on again, the aged and the jobless should look forward to the cold and dismal months and should to the best of their ability make preparation for them. Foodstuffs are cheaper now than they will be. Many may be had practically for the asking, or at least in many cases, for help in the fields.

The Boaz's of modern times, could well afford to drop "heads of grain" where the modern Ruths may glean. In this land of plenty cannot we so mobilize our Christianity that none need suffer?

We have observed that in many cases those in need have also forgotten the Golden Rule. It is our belief that all men are brothers; that the rich and the poor are very similar at heart—basically—but that circumstances have warped both classes in some cases.

A great leader, truly, would the man be who could bring about harmony and understanding between these classes, and who could establish a workable program. Men are doing much, but we must all be wholesome in thought and persistent in our efforts if we are really to establish a new order of justice.—*H. R. M.*



Dusk on the Desert

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

Photograph by Dr. Walter P. Cottam.

AGAINST a brooding desert sky
Huge cacti loom with hands held high—
Weird highpriests of the drifting sand!
Drought-scarred but eloquent they stand,
Mute Joshuas signaling the sky
Where suns, unheeding, circle by.

"We do not count the desert drear,
For God's great love is found out here,"
They say, but men pass on. Men know
That out beyond the sunset's glow

There is a land where life is rich,
Gauged regularly at higher pitch;
That east, beyond the rimming blue,
Lush valleys gleam refreshed by dew.

There in the desert cacti grow
As countless eons come and go—
Mute Joshuas beckoning they seem
To where the Grapes of Eshcol gleam.

POETRY

Wasatch Mountain Tops

By Alice Lee Eddy

THERE is a sanctity in mountain tops
There is holiness in stately heights.
My chrysalis of mundane worry drops
Away. A reverent ecstasy invites
My soul to contemplation and to prayer.
Now I am free from traffic's bootless roar.
Proud cities with their stifling strife and care
But form the patterns on the valley floor.

Don't say these Wasatch slopes are bleak and drear
For at the crests the gypsy winds blow free.
The world is far below; the sky is near
These granite spires of sacred dignity.
Rain-purged, sun-hallowed ground where even I
Can lift my eager arms and hold the sky.

Weep Not for Those That Pass

By Malcolm Mearlam

HE that is gone was weary of this world.
(Weep not for him, for him weep not nor cry.
Weep not for him, for him, weep not nor sigh.)
His life was like an opening flower, dew-pearled,
Whose folded petals one by one are curled
And crisped by arid wind and burning sky.
(Weep not for lives that pass so sadly by
Where desert dervishes are madly whirled.)

Life is a phantom seen within a glass
(Weep not for loves who fleeting come and pass),
A fragile ghost thing, fading in the light
(Weep not for him who glowed so in the night),
And yet, of all that is, most precious far
Save unto him who loved the morning star.

Wheat Fields

By Howard Allen Farrens

WHENEVER I behold a field of wheat
Mellowed and ripened under prairie sun,
As if before a shrine I stand awhile
And watch swift breezes through it dart and run.

And in my heart is born a voiceless prayer,
May God keep safe from harm all fields of wheat
That little children living everywhere
May never know a lack of bread to eat.

A Garden

By Edith Cherrington

THE hollyhocks along the fence
Smile above the lath.
Chrysanthemums nod up and down
Along the garden path.

The gate beneath my outstretched hand
Swings open easily
And small winds run across the grass
As if to welcome me.

Here among the green and bloom
I always find release.
A garden offers many things
But best of all is peace.

Evening

By John Sherman Walker

* * * Shadows
CREEPING low with satin fingers
Feeling into every nook and shaggy glen,
Tingeing gold shot thickets * * * with glistening black.

Pines * * *
Bristling to the skies like hoary sentries.
Scarred and ancient * * * green plumed cavaliers.

* * * Peaks
Looming clean-cut against the purple dusk;
Grim * * * towering molds * * * frowning over all
In solemn majesty;
Tipped with amber * * * bathed in ruby glow of olden wines.

Clouds * * *
Are frail pink ships, edged deep in silver,
Drifting to far off golden shores on calm * * * clear seas.

And there * * *
High up on bald hill crest
A rider is outlined along the sky * * * in trail's-end pose,
Until the sun * * * in red content * * * goes slipping, slipping down.



Feeding the Swans

A House and A Home

By Algie Herbert

THERE'S a house across the road from me.
That is old and tumble down.
And beside this tidy house of mine,
It's almost like a clown.

There are smudges on the window panes,
There are playthings on the lawn,
And the screen door always sagging,
Where the hinges won't stay on.

There are children, children everywhere,
They laugh, and cry, and shout,
Till I think the old walls tremble,
As they turn things inside-out.

Now my flowers stand in stately rows,
My lawns are clean and smooth.
And no one ever bangs my door,
Or brings me bumps to soothe.

And I find there's something lacking, here,
That makes me want to roam,
For after all mine's just a house—
While the other is a home.

Word Chasms

By Helen May Van Cott

DARKENED—two rooms—and in each a blinded heart
Dumbly for the other crying out, so silently low;
And neither sees the other's smarting grief,
Nor hears the sobbing of the other's woe—
Nor wonders why his sleepless eyes should burn
For lack of soothing tears that would have him learn
How to heal the sorrow—hidden—from the other.

Pals were they—nay, hearts that beat as one—
Ready to cross, if needs be, the searing desert sands,
To reach that garden far beyond where clasped hands
Could be the hope, yea life, with each, forever.

One angry word—a sword to cut the flowering garden down.
A cry—heart rending; a pitiless look—and now forever:
Two separate hearts, to live in darkened rooms—apart,
And searing sands to unfeelingly force open two promised
Clasped hands.

Why must it be!
One pleading look, a kindly spoken word, and
Burning sands would as blooming gardens be,
And love would reign throughout eternity.

What About Leprosy?

Continued from page 581

these cases, if taken at the very beginning, could be arrested, by that we mean, 'cured' as far as any present symptoms or tests can prove.

"If lepers knew that they can come forward in the early stages of the disease for diagnosis and treatment, with the assurance that if their case is not the contagious type, that they will not be ostracized, isolated, or deprived of employment, and that in all probability they will recover, then much would have been done to solve the leper problem."

It is an interesting fact that the majority of the cases in the United States, which have been taken to the Leprosarium, have arisen within a radius of four hundred miles of New Orleans, Lousiana. Most of the other cases occur among the Orientals on the Pacific coast, and immigrants entering the Eastern seaports, who have been admitted with the disease in an early undiagnosable form.

BECAUSE of the great number of cases of leprosy in the State of Louisiana, a leper colony was established by the State in 1894. Shortly after that time, it became evident that some concerted action was necessary if the progress of leprosy in the United States was to be checked. Nothing definite was accomplished until February 3, 1917, when Congress enacted legislation and provided funds for the establishment of a National Home for Lepers. A committee was appointed to select a site for the proposed Leprosarium, but nothing more was done at the time, due to our entrance into the World War. The committee met with great opposition in obtaining a site, because no State cared to cede territory to the Government for use as a leper settlement. The final solution of the matter was arrived at, in 1921, by purchasing from the State of Lousiana the estate occupied by the Louisiana Leper Home. The National Leprosarium was established at Marine Hospital No. 66, under the United States Public Health Service, with Dr. E. O. Denney as Chief Medical Officer in Charge. Since 1922, all confined lepers in the United States have been taken there.

"How are the patients transported to the settlement?" I asked Dr. Daines.

"Permits must first be granted from the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service or his accredited representative, and from the State Department of Health of the states from which and to which he is traveling. After the necessary State permits are received, patients are transferred to the Leprosarium accompanied by a medical officer of the Public Health Service. A compartment is provided for the patient, who is strictly isolated during the trip. All dishes and utensils are disinfected before leaving the compartment, everything is properly taken care of so that there is no chance of exposing the public to any danger. The compartment occupied is disinfected upon being evacuated by the patient."

The National Leprosarium, situated on the Mississippi in a deep bend in the river which almost forms an island, is isolated from the rest of the world, though it is only seventy-five miles up the river from New Orleans, and twenty miles down from Baton Rouge. It is built on the site of an old pre-Civil War plantation, beautiful in its setting of moss hung oaks.

The hospital is built on a cottage plan, an effort being made to house each nationality by itself. A typical cottage for patients consists of twelve private rooms, a recreation room, adequate bathing and toilet facilities, and two large screened verandas. The cottages are furnished with steam heat, hot and cold water, electric lights, and are well ventilated. The purpose of such a cottage is to give each patient a room and surroundings which might be considered as his home. In order that the patients may conveniently pass from one building to another, each structure within the colony limits is connected with its neighbor by a screened, covered walk. The climate is sub-tropical, so that out-of-door life for the patients is possible during the entire year.



Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

"The present main hospital consists of four wards set aside for male and female patients who may be suffering from advanced leprosy or from intercurrent diseases. Modern facilities are available for the care of such cases and include the following: A well-equipped surgery; dental laboratory; X-ray department; eye, ear, nose and throat department; physiotherapy department; and a clinic set aside for experimental treatments. A well-equipped laboratory is maintained for routine clinical examinations, as well as for research purposes." (Quoted from Government Bulletin, by Dr. E. O. Denney.)

The dining room is operated upon a cafeteria system. The food is prepared by a nonleprous kitchen staff, and all dishes and utensils which are used in the dining room are washed and sterilized in mechanical dish-washing machines, thereby reducing to a minimum the possibility of any infection being carried to the kitchen.

BECAUSE of the tendency to mental depression and morbidity, every patient is kept busy in some way, dependent upon his physical condition. There is work for all who are able to do it, for which the government pays a fair wage. Those who are unable to work are kept busy with the daily routine incident to their hospital care. Patients are required to bathe each day, as cleanliness is insisted upon, for upon this one point so much depends in successful treatment of leprosy. Then there are visits to the dentist, and other specialists in the hospital.

Not only are the physical and occupational needs of the patients provided for, but the leisure time, as well. Two picture shows each week, a pool room, radiophone concerts, and musicals in which the patients are the performers, all help to keep them happy. There is a band of about thirty pieces, and

a canteen, conducted by the patients themselves, who also publish a weekly news sheet.

"It was surprising to me," said Dr. Daines, "That the patients could outwardly exhibit such a marked spirit of cheer and optimism. But, I found that it is the underlying spirit of the whole institution. The experience of the hospital staff has taught them that a happy, healthy mind is a great factor in successful treatment of leprosy, as well as most other diseases."

Dr. E. O. Denney, Medical Officer in Charge of the hospital, since 1922, is considered one of the best and most experienced Leperologists in the world. Before being stationed at Carville, Dr. Denney had been in charge of the Culion Station in the Philippines, and had spent some time at Molokai in Hawaii.

Assisting Dr. Denney are three full time physicians, a dentist, a pharmacist, a bacteriologist, and about fifteen trained nurses, all Catholic Sisters. Some of these noble women have been there more than twenty years. Notable among them are Sister Martha and Sister Catherine, who had devoted many years to the work among the lepers.

Too much cannot be said in praise of such courageous men and women, who dedicate their lives to the good of this unfortunate group of people. There is one other group of individuals, worthy of more than mere mention here, the wives and families of the men who devote their lives to this work. Many of them make even greater sacrifices than the men themselves, and in return receive little praise or compensation, except the knowledge that they too are helping to fight this insidious foe.

It is not, altogether, a hopeless disease. Since 1922, about one hundred patients have been discharged from the hospital, as "cured." As stated previously, if taken in the early stages of its development, leprosy can often be "arrested" and "cured" as far as clinical and bacteriological tests can prove.

Dr. Denney, in a Government Bulletin on the Leprosy Problem in the United States, gives a very clear picture of the rigid routine carried on in the hospital, before any patient is released. "At stated intervals, physical and bacterioscopic examinations are made and patients showing clinical improvement are segregated, so far as possible, from their fellows. After repeated examinations, any leper who has shown clinical improvement for a year and has not within that time been found to be bacterioscopically a leper is placed under special observation for a period of two years, at the end of which time he is given final consideration. Should he successfully pass this final examination, he is recommended for parole and released, subject to further examinations by his State health authorities once every six months for a period of three years. Should his condition continue to be satisfactory, he is given his final discharge as a case of 'arrested' leprosy, no longer a menace to public health."

WHEN the patient passes this examination, the Chief Medical Officer tells him that he is "cured" and can go home, it is then, that the real tragedy in the lives of some of these patients comes to light.

On one occasion, several patients came up for discharge from the hospital, pronounced "cured." Only one of them wanted to leave the colony. Each individual had his own particularly tragic reason for preferring to remain in the settlement, but in general those reasons were: no home to go to; no way to earn a living without hands or eyes; the family unwilling for them to come home. One young woman chose to stay with her leper husband, whom she had married after she had come to the hospital.



Photo by H. R. M.
Jackson, pioneer photographer for the Hayden Expedition.

The government is very kind to those "cured" patients who choose to remain, but each patient makes his choice with the understanding that should he ever desire to leave the colony, he must again pass all the long months of required examinations.

The Carville Leprosarium is the only one within the confines of the United States, but there are several others in the island possession, the most prominent of which are: Culion Station in the Philippines, the largest colony of its kind in the world: Molokai Settlement, on an isolated island in the Hawaiian Islands; and Kalihi Hospital near Honolulu, where all suspected cases and those in the early stages are taken before being sent to Molokai.

A number of years ago, while in the Hawaiian Islands on a mission, I frequently visited the Kalihi Leper Hospital, where we held Sunday services. The patients were separated from the visitors by a high wire fence. It was only a wire fence, but it meant the vast difference between being "in" and being "out." Each visit brought to me a greater realization of the anguish of mind suffered by some of those unfortunate men, women, and children "on the other side of the fence."

In my work, I frequently came in contact with at least two individuals who had been in the leper hospital, and had returned to their families "cured," and I learned to accept them willingly. It was through this experience that I came to realize the slight possibility of contracting leprosy in ordinary association.

It was because of this experience, and through my former association with Dr. Daines as student and secretary, that I secured and have written this interview.

There is much more that could be said concerning the problem of leprosy. Volumes have been written about it, no doubt, volumes more will be written. But, it is to be hoped that the experimental work, being carried on at the present time, will enable those future volumes to be concerned with the cause and control of and cure for leprosy.

English Universities

Continued from page 586

with the result that today it is a powerful, academic federation of some thirty-six schools in and about London engaged in teaching and research of a university standard.

In addition to its phenomenal expansion in recent years, the University has, as it went along, blazed many new trails. It was the first university in England to create a faculty of science and one of the first to recognize English as a subject of university study. It was also the first university in England to admit women to degrees on equal terms with men.

In 1931-32, it had 11,800 full-time students in attendance, a number approximately one-third of all the university students in England and Wales. The proportion of graduate students is also greater than that of any other university in Great Britain, and their race and nationality is more varied. The number of Indian students, undergraduate and graduate, in this same year was in excess of two thousand.

A university situated in a metropolis is, in a way, "a university squared," as H. A. L. Fisher has aptly suggested. The materials in the national archives, the libraries, galleries and museums constitute an invaluable adjunct to the necessarily-limited resources of a university. In this respect there is probably no university in the world quite so favorably situated as the University of London. The completion of the University's proposed buildings on the Bloomsbury site, immediately north of the British Museum, will have the effect of making that great repository and its unrivalled library even more directly accessible to its students.

The same thing is true in the field of medicine. Such famous hospitals as St. Thomas's, Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, Middlesex and a dozen others of equal rank have helped to make London and its University the center of medical research and education for the British Empire.

In respect of staff, equipment, range of courses, and studentbodies, several of the "schools" of the University of London are as large as any average university. This is true not only of University and King's colleges, but also of The Imperial College of Science and the London School of Economics and Political Science. While all of the "schools" are co-educational in nature, there are four—more or less residential colleges—exclusively for women: Bedford, Royal Holloway, Westfield and King's College of Household and Social Science.

Like all British universities, London is state-aided but not state-controlled. This unique arrangement safeguards and promotes a degree of academic freedom that is unsurpassed in any other democracy. It is a tradition that goes far to explain the commanding position which British universities as a whole, occupy in national life. In common with the other universities, London also has its own elected representatives in Parliament.

NO description of a great university, however brief, would be complete without some reference to the great men and the significant movements it has produced.

The chief founder of University College was the famous Jeremy Bentham, apostle of utilitarianism and author of *Principles of Morals and Legislation,* and many other works. He was a free-thinker, an individualist, and one of the great social reformers of his day.

Following in the same tradition came James Mill and his brilliant son, John Stuart, often referred to as "the saint of rationalism." Mill, the younger, became the most influential political thinker of his generation. His *System of Logic* and *Principles of Political Economy* occupying a prominent place in the history of thought. He is better known, however, for his famous essays on *Liberty, The Subjection of Women,* etc. Both Mills were actively identified with the founding of the University of London. John Stuart Mill was, in fact, a student at University College from 1828-30.



President George Albert Smith at a marker on the plains.

The name of the University of London will forever be associated with the history of medicine, if only through the work of the immortal Lister, who was both an undergraduate and medical student in the University from 1847 to 1852. It was later, as a member of the medical faculty, that he did his famous work on antiseptics.

More recently is to be noted the work of Sherrington on the nervous system and the nature of reflex action. It was also in the University's laboratories that Dr. Thomas Lewis perfected the famous electro-cardiograph, a delicate instrument—now in world-wide use—for recording the action of a living heart. It was in this same atmosphere of medical pioneering that Harrington recently synthesized the active substance in the thyroid gland—thyroxin.

In the field of chemistry the work of the University of London has been no less unique. The discoveries of Sir William Ramsay on the rare gases of the atmosphere is but one of many enduring contributions to chemical science and human progress.

Nor has the University's sphere of leadership been confined to science. It was, for instance, at the Slade School of Art, University College, says G. K. Chesterton with characteristic wit, that "I discovered I should never be an artist; and it was at the lectures of Professor W. P. Ker that I discovered I should never be a literary man!" It is not generally known, either, that H. G. Wells, the novelist, holds a bachelor of science degree from the University of London.

Upon the eve of his retirement from the Galton professorship in

the University of London, it is timely to mention, also, the world-wide fame of Karl Pearson, the doyen of statisticians, without whose brilliant contributions to the science of measurement, much of the recent progress in the social sciences would have been impossible.

THE remarkable achievements of London and the newer English universities is a record of which England may justly feel proud. It is to the everlasting credit of these institutions and their founders that they reacted against the exclusiveness and the narrow outlook of the "old" universities, cast, as they were, in a medieval mould. Like that of the newer American universities, their history, when viewed in the large, is a record of the expansion of the human mind, a chapter in the eternal quest for truth and freedom.

The test of a university, said H. A. L. Fisher, in his address on the occasion of the University of London centenary in 1928, does not lie in the number of its students or the lavishness of its buildings or the renown of the men and women who endow it, "but upon the quality of its intellectual life, upon the prevalence of a hearty and unaffected interest in the things of the mind, upon the spirit of discovery, and the eagerness to receive and impart knowledge. It implies a teaching force which does something more than cram docile battalions of students to pass examinations."

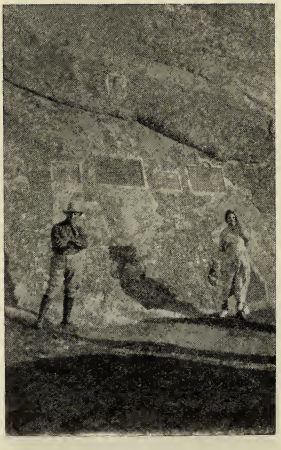
The Utah Art Barn

Continued from page 593

displaying not only painting, but all branches of art in a center pervaded by an atmosphere of informal comeraderie, with tea room and social rooms in conjunction with display rooms; such a center to have equal representation from all clubs and organizations—it must be a community concern, to be controlled not entirely by artists nor by those interested chiefly in their own artistic creation, but by lovers of art who in cooperation with artists might help them to place their creations before an appreciative public eye. The center, when once established, was to be self-supporting, depending for its upkeep not upon dues from members but upon such activities as might be carried on within the art building such as tea room, rental of rooms by organizations, and a small percentage from the sale of art objects. This plan has been adhered to by all those who have labored toward its realization throughout the two years of progress.

Space will not permit a consideration of all the steps in organization and advancement, nor enumeration of all who have given generously of service, material, and money. Only a brief statement is possible. During the several months of the summer and fall of 1930 which elapsed before the project was presented to the public and while it was being broadened, tested, and completed in all its details, as well as throughout the two successive years of difficult upbuilding, the encouragement and cooperation of Mr. Taylor Woolley and Mrs. Ernest L. Dee proved invaluable, Mr. Woolley attending in addition to the housing problem. When the plan was finally launched early in November of that same year, again most appropriately, a large number of Chi Delta Phis immediately came to the support of the cause and have since played a large part along with the other women's organizations of the city, in bringing the Art Center to its present successful culmination. Scores of interested individuals have likewise allied themselves to the project and labored toward its fulfilment.

The project was originally called the Art Barn Movement, since a large brick barn on East South Temple was considered as a housing possibility. Due to property entanglements this had later to be abandoned, the loss, in the end,



Alma Clayton and his sister at Independence Rock, described by their father in 1847.

proving a gain, for in March, 1931, the city commissioners granted permission to officials of the movement to erect a building on Reservoir Park between First South and South Temple on University Street. Following this grant Mr. Woolley drew up plans for a twelve thousand dollar building and presented them to the organization, which promptly accepted them.

RADIO programs acquainting the public with the project and inviting support were broadcast during the Spring of 1931. Bazaars were held to raise funds, a junior auxiliary consisting of the younger interested individuals was organized, and a Spring Fiesta was held at the site of the building on the lawn in Reservoir Park. During the summer and fall, several individuals and organizations made contributions of building materials and the City Commission gave one thousand dollars to be used in construction which would provide employment for unemployed workmen. And on Sunday, October 19, ground was broken for the building. Mayor John F. Bowman presented the plot of ground and Miss Denise Sanford, social secretary of the junior members of the art organization, turned a spade of soil. On December 6, Governor Dern laid the cornerstone in the foundation of the new building, appropriate ceremonies marking the event.

Since the original plan of housing had been abandoned in favor of a building of dignity and beauty, it seemed advisable to relinquish the name of Art Barn for a more suitable title. After a lengthy

consideration of a great variety of names, the name of Utah Art Studio was chosen, but was received with no enthusiasm, so the old name, "Art Barn," was officially readopted.

The plan of organization of the new movement was, in the main, a plan conceived by Mr. Harold Pickering and makes possible representation of all organizations, and participation of all interested citizens. Such a plan includes President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, these officers constituting the Executive Committee. In addition it calls for a Historian and Committees on Finance, Publicity, House Management, State-wide Affairs, Entertainment, and Daily Activities. A Board of Directors is made up of the Executive Committee plus the chairman and vice-chairman of each of six councils which form the representative machinery of all interested groups, such as Art, Crafts, Music, Literature, Women's Organizations, Men's Organizations, plus seven additional directors chosen from nonprofessional-artist members at large at the yearly election, the board thus consisting of twenty-five directors. The first officers were: President, Mrs. John Jensen; First Vice-President, Mrs. George W. Davy; Second Vice- President, Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart; Treasurer, Miss Ann M. Cannon; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Elwood Bachman; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Louisa Bintz; and Directors, Mrs. W. W. Ray, Mrs. W. H. Lovesy, Mrs. John F. Bennett, Mrs. Orval W. Adams, Mrs. Blaine Wilson, Mrs. G. F. Hickman, Mr. B. C. J. Wheatlake, Mr. Edward P. Kimball, Mr. Thomas Giles, Mr. Cornelius Salisbury, Mr. Joseph A. F. Everett, and the Reverend Mr. Jacob Trapp.

UNTIL the official opening day of the Utah Art Barn, any citizen of the State of Utah was eligible to charter life membership in the organization upon the payment of one dollar or more. Any organization or club in the State of Utah is eligible to charter life membership in either the Men's or Women's Councils of the Art Studio upon payment of ten dollars or more. Honorary mention is to be made upon a plaque upon the wall of those individuals to be known as charter patrons, who have contributed fifty dollars or more to the organization; those organizations or clubs who as charter members have contributed one dollar per member from ninety percent of their membership; those firms or individuals to be known as charter donors, donating building materials to the extent of fifty dollars or more.

Other charter members, either individuals or organizations, shall have the names of their organizations entered in the historic book to be preserved for that purpose in the archives.

Those who have expended so much effort upon the venture must experience a thrill of satisfaction at sight of the building now nearing completion. The depression which militated so desperately against the raising of funds necessary to complete the building, in the end was turned to invaluable account; for the Utah Art Barn was adopted as one of the few skilled labor projects for setting unemployed men to work, and several thousand dollars were extended by Mr. Gus Backman, Mr. Richard R. Hart, Mr. Theodore L. Holman, Mr. W. R. Wallace, and by other members of the make work committee, toward this end, and as a result many men sorely in need of work were given employment. The building is of colonial design, charmingly adapted to its setting of green park and blue water, the many-windowed tea room reflecting the western sunshine upon the sparkling reservoir. Informal landscaping with terraces and rockery produce around it a natural effect in complete harmony with the hospitable although dignified interior. The entrance leads into the main gallery, a large room elevating in atmosphere, light and well-balanced, with its great fireplace at one end. Already this gallery has been graced by several exhibits of the works of Utah artists. From the main gallery the tea room with adjacent service rooms takes off at the west and south end, while opposite and near the entrance a broad staircase leads to a smaller gallery and social hall on the upper floor. Here also one meets the generous reception of an inviting fireplace. An adjoining room to be fitted as a studio will be available for rental with or without the social hall. In convenient proximity is the service room with dumb waiter service from the tea room below.



The Caravan on the Plains

The basement is given over in the main to an interesting exhibition room for displays of the various crafts. In addition here are the caretaker's quarters and a storage room.

THE aim of the center as already suggested is to provide through a common center of interest art for art lovers and appreciation for artists. For the most part the artistic impulse thrives only upon cultivation. The artist must have an audience in order to do his best work, for communication is an essential element of artistic activity. And the lover of art finds satisfaction only if he can have a direct experience of artistic creations. To promote aesthetic activity through satisfying both these desires, the desire of the artist and that of the lover of art, is the ambition of the organization. The art center is to belong to all who are interested in art and is to foster all artistic interests. The hearts of our people have always beat in time to beauty —to afford ample opportunity to attain to beauty—that is one phase of the two-fold aim of the Utah Art Barn. This the Barn hopes to accomplish through the display of works of art, both the creations of Utah artists and of those from elsewhere. The other phase of the two-fold aim is to develop the cultural possibilities of our community, to maintain it above the level of a mere manufacturing center, of a mere distributing center, to overcome to some extent the disadvantages of our geographical isolation from large centers of art—our mountains are beautiful but they hem us in. Through foresight and well directed effort the organization hopes to develop here within the confines of our Great Basin an art comparable to that which lies beyond.

How to be Safe in the Water

Continued from page 599

a minute or a little over and then fairly explode. Most expert swimmers can hold their breath for two or more minutes.

The usual cause for the drowning of swimmers is cramps. Even expert swimmers drown from cramps because of not knowing what to do when they get them.

You may easily break a cramp in your leg by floating on your back and massaging the leg that has the cramp with your hands. The arms may be treated in a similar manner. The worst cramp is in the stomach. You can break it, too, by floating on your back and massaging the affected muscles. If that fails, try to bend your body back and grasp your two feet from under with your hands, bending the body backward as far as possible. This is a considerable bit of acrobatics in the water for the average person, but it seldom fails to restore circulation in the abdominal muscles. If this, however, still leaves the cramp undiminished, keep floating on your back and paddle your hands a little, pushing your hands away from you. In this way you will be able to propel yourself ashore or to remain afloat until somebody comes to rescue you.

Of all the agencies for suppressing ruthless destruction of life, none is more important than the methods used to prevent drowning. Everybody should have a knowledge of life-saving. For you can never tell when you may see someone drowning, and his life may depend upon your knowledge of life-saving.

MANY of our best swimmers shrink involuntarily from making the attempt to save a fellow-creature in danger of perishing in the water. Most people make a mistake in thinking that it takes a strong person to save a drowning man, but this is altogether wrong. Life-saving requires only courage and dexterity. There are various ways to save people from drowning. Which one is to be used depends a great deal upon the nature of the place where the accident happens, whether it is in the river, or the sea, near the shore or in mid-ocean, in a place where help is on hand, or a deserted lonely spot. There are, however, a few general rules. One of these is: never approach a drowning person at the front. If you do, he will wind his arms around your neck and drag you down. Always go behind him. Seize the person by the arms near the shoulders; press your knee in the small of his back. This will straighten out the body horizontally, while the strain upon the arm of the rescuer in towing him will keep the face of the person rescued clear of the water, thus enabling him to breathe freely, the rescuer using his right arm and his legs to enable him to reach the shore or other position of safety.

When the person endangered keeps turning around, as some have done with me, it is best to swim around him until the person can be so seized as mentioned, from behind, thus avoiding the drowning person's grasp, which is very tenacious.

Should you, however, happen to be seized by the grasp of a drowning person, which so frequently proves fatal to both, do not lose your presence of mind, but having taken a full breath, allow yourself to sink with the person. In nine cases out of ten he will let go his hold, and endeavor to reach the surface, believing that you are also in danger of drowning. Should, however, the grasp be retained, endeavor to force the arms loose by pressing the knees against the drowning man's abdomen. In either case you can then seize the person from behind, rise to the surface, and strike out for shore, as already described.



Early Morning at Rock Creek

I have frequently encountered persons who acted in both ways, and am therefore speaking from a long experience.

Another good plan is for the rescuer to throw himself upon his back, placing the person's head on the pit of his own stomach, kicking out vigorously with his legs at right angles, as in back swimming having previously taken in a line of alignment to steer by. This is the best method of carrying a helpless person a great distance.

These are the best known methods of saving life, and I have practised both successfully for many years.

A THIRD method, efficacious when the imperilled man is already unconscious, is to swim very fast upon the breast, pushing your charge before you. In case he is insensible, the main object is to get him ashore at once, either above or beneath the water.

Again, you may support the drowning person with one hand grasping him under his right or left armpit, grasping his arm after you have turned him on his back, meanwhile propelling yourself with the other hand. When two rescuers are at hand, this is an easy method; each seizes an arm of the person they mean to save, and together they make light work of towing him to shore.

When the person has sunk, and it becomes necessary to dive, you can be guided by the air bubbles which rise to the surface, perpendicularly if the water is still, and diagonally if the stream is running. Immediately on reaching the bottom, seize the person; a slight jerk will suffice to raise the body, and the surface may be reached in a few seconds by pressing the water downward with the disengaged hand and both feet in the usual way.

It may be, owing to the discoloration of the water or other causes, the would-be rescuer beneath the surface is unable to see the drowning person. In such a case it is

best to wait above for a minute for a reappearance.

Before making the attempt at rescue, divest yourself of as much clothing as possible, tearing off your garments if necessary; at all events remove your shoes if time permits. There may be cases when time will not permit the removal of any portion of clothing.

I have been frequently asked why a drowning person rises to the surface two or three times. My own belief is that the air remaining in the lungs may not become entirely exhausted at the first immersion, consequently the body possesses sufficient buoyancy to rise again. This may be repeated a second time or even a third, or fourth, according to the quantity of air in the lungs.

If you spring from a boat to save a drowning person—or indeed for any reason—leap from the stern. Over the stern, also, you must drag a struggling person from the water, or if you are yourself swimming, climb into the boat. If the boat is light and the weight of the person bears upon her side, she may capsize—particularly if the person is making strong, ill-directed movements to climb in.

There is no grip that may be had in the water that cannot be broken. This is proven by the game of water polo, in which holds and breaks play a prominent part. Experience has proven that the drowning person will usually grasp the rescuer by a firm hold on the wrists, holding either one or both wrists. By a strong hold of either ankle, or by a neck hold, taken from the front or rear. The one seeking aid might also clutch his benefactor around the body from in front, pinning the arms to the sides, or else may grasp the wrists when the arms are lowered.

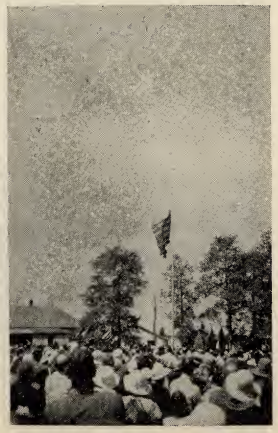
To break any of these holds requires a cool head; no unnecessary movements should be performed. If care is taken in approaching the drowning person, very little hazard is involved. As I have previously described, always approach a drowning person from the rear. It is then an easy matter to bring him to a position for the back or side stroke carry.

Wrist holds are broken by bringing the feet up and pushing against the chest or abdomen of the subject. A grasp on the ankle may be removed by revolving the body and kicking away at the same time. If one is attacked from the rear, a quick twist which brings one into position facing the person, followed by the same methods used in breaking the front neck hold will cause an immediate release.

EVERYBODY should have a knowledge of the methods of resuscitation. No matter how good a swimmer you may be, unless you can revive a drowning person after you have rescued him, your efforts are practically worthless. Of what good is rescuing a drowning person if you can't bring him back to life?

A drowning person passes through three stages in losing his consciousness and life. When a person who cannot swim finds himself suddenly without support in the water, he grasps at anything he can find. This is the period of struggling, when the victim hardly knows what he is struggling against. As he becomes more and more unconscious he passes into a period of convulsions, which state is not at all painful, for the victim is losing consciousness. Soon, however, exhaustion overcomes him and he is to all intents and purposes dead.

When treating an apparently drowned person it should be borne in mind that he is dead, at least for the time being—not from the effect of water (although there may be a little in his lungs and a great deal in his stomach), but is asphyxiated, because it has become impossible for him to take oxygen into his lungs and purge the blood of its excess CO. The object of the rescuer is to begin an interchange of air in the lungs immediately.



Raising the old flag with 20 stars at Fort Bridger.

There are various methods of resuscitation, but the most efficient to use is the Shafer method. Lay the patient on his stomach, one arm at his side and the other under his head. The mouth should be cleared of all mucus and dirt, thoroughly and quickly, and the tongue should be pulled forward so that it may not fall back into the throat and obstruct the air passages. If there is a slant to the ground on which the patient is laid, the head is placed lower than the feet to insure water drainage from the throat. The head is turned to the side from which there may be a current of air. All clothing should be removed from the body, at least from the waist up. All this should be done as quickly as possible, so that there may not be time wasted in starting respiration.

Place your hands, with the thumbs inward, on the lower ribs. Pressure is brought with a downward, inward and forward movement, with the heels of the hands. This pressure is relaxed quickly, a short pause and then applied again. It should be timed to about twelve or fifteen times a minute, or about four or five seconds to a complete movement. As soon as the patient begins breathing ever so slightly, he should be dried and wrapped in a blanket. He may be massaged (always toward the heart) but this can be done sufficiently well through the blanket so as not to expose any part of the body which would cause a loss of warmth. The patient can be warmed by hot water bottles, hot bricks, hot towels, or hot newspapers, most effectively applied at the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, under the arms and between the legs. As soon as the patient is sufficiently conscious, a stimulant, such as hot black coffee may be given, but never try to force a stimulant down the throat of an unconscious person.

THE points to be remembered are: First and immediately, the restoration of breathing; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately

and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct.

Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothing and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing, for if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

In the winter when rivers are covered with ice, many accidents happen by persons breaking into the ice. Let all people go away from the ice, get a ladder and rope as quickly as possible, and throw the rope to the drowning man, with a life-saving belt. Break all the weak ice away, until you can get a firm landing for him.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured. Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction, and even then it should be employed as a momentary excitant.

Don't do any of these things if you want to be safe in the water.

Don't enter the water immediately after having eaten a hearty meal. Two hours at least should be allowed between eating and immersion.

Don't enter the water while the body is heated, as the sudden immersion from heat to cold will affect the whole system and induce cramps.

Don't stand too long on the shore after coming out of the water, without drying yourself.

Don't stay too long in the water. Over-exposure to water is a dangerous practice for people who have not a strong constitution. As soon as you begin to feel cold, leave the water and dress immediately, or you will be quite likely to find your legs and arms contracting painfully.

Don't enter deep water when you are tired, and never swim too far out from shore.

DO not dread the cramp. I have known imaginative people to bring on the contraction merely by expecting it—by "auto-suggestion" as a psychologist would say.

Don't stay in the water a minute after you have become fatigued or chilled.

Don't go in swimming if you are tired out from dancing, riding, or a long walk.

Don't go out farther than a depth equal to your own height if you are liable to heart failure.

Don't swim away from the crowd if you are not a very good swimmer.

Don't let your friends dare you to swim farther than you have swum before.

Don't attempt to rescue another person from drowning unless you are a very good swimmer yourself.

Don't feel that it is your duty that you plunge in after every person who is liable to be drowned; remember that a drowning person is a lunatic generally and is liable to drag you to your own death unless you are capable of floating with a heavy load under all circumstances.

Don't plunge into the water to save a drowning person without first shouting loudly for help.

Don't lose your equilibrium because a fellow swimmer is in danger of drowning; confused heads cause more drownings than inability to swim.

Don't throw yourself into the water to rescue another if a rope or a boat is within reasonable reach.



President Grant addressing the crowds at Fort Bridger.

Don't lose your courage or your head if you happen to find yourself too far out to swim back yourself; simply turn on your back, place your hands under your back, paddle with your feet, and, above all, breathe naturally.

Don't yell at a man in danger of drowning; the best swimmer will drown if subject to a sudden fright.

Don't get frightened if you have a cramp; a cramp generally comes in an arm or a leg; so simply raise the cramped part out of the water float easily and massage the cramped part with your hand for a few moments, when you will be all right once more.

Don't stand on the shore after a swim until you have dried yourself off with a rough towel if there isn't a strong sun out.

Don't go in the water on an empty stomach either. You will become exhausted more quickly on an empty stomach than you will if you have something in it.

Don't push another person in the water, with the foolish but popular notion that you can thus teach him to swim, as this only gives him a fear of the water and he loses confidence.

Don't strike a man on the head to make him unconscious if he resents your aid while drowning; such a plan, though common in America, is as foolish as it is cruel and dangerous.

Always notice the way the tide is running. When it is running out, to swim a long way from shore is dangerous. It is a well known fact even a first class swimmer can make but little headway against a strong tide. Therefore, never swim out with the tide, unless you have a boat with you. Swim parallel with the shore, where you can always reach the bottom when feeling tired.

But if the tide is running in you need not have any fear of venturing out for some distance. The tide will bring you back to shore.

Pioneer Eternal

By Ora Lewis

FAREWELL!
I go because I must:
To search for spheres of undiscovered thought . . .
To fathom depths of feeling yet unknown . . .
To rise to realms of action yet untried.
Farewell!
If I return unto the level of today
It is because I play the traitor to myself!

M. I. A. June Conference

Continued from page 604

the Sunday afternoon Tabernacle meeting under the direction of the First Presidency. Here the speaker again paid tribute to the missionary system of the Church and of its accomplishments. The unselfish service of the missionary and his development while in the mission field were points of attraction, the speaker said.

At the Boy Scout meeting a processional was held during which Boy Scouts dressed in costumes of the nations displayed the flags of the twenty-two countries in which the Church at the present time sponsors Boy Scout programs. As the boys came to the pulpit of the Tabernacle with their flags, parts of each national anthem were played on the famous Tabernacle organ. This ceremony was directed by Dr. John H. Taylor, of the Y. M. M. I. A. general board and first Boy Scout commissioner of the Church, twenty years ago.

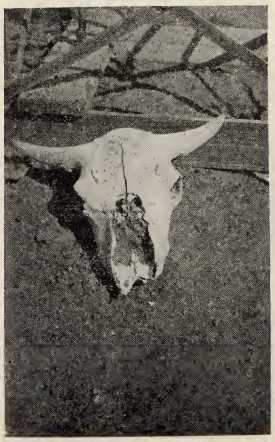
PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS who as a member of the general board at that time made the motion that the M. I. A. adopt the official Boy Scout program of the national council, was an honored guest and speaker at the meeting. He told of the early struggles to get Scouting into the Church program of activities for its youth and described the opposition that was voiced at that time. He expressed his early conversion to the value of the Boy Scout program and said after study of the Scout Law, he believed it to be one of the best definitions of the fundamentals of religion. President Grant, briefly, told of his interest in the Boy Scout work being done by the M. I. A., and expressed a desire that it be continued in the future with increasing zeal.

Saturday afternoon saw a different but highly pleasing form of entertainment for conference visitors. It was in the nature of a carnival held on the campus of the L. D. S. College. Here under the direction of the community activity committee of the general boards a program, resembling somewhat a three-ring circus, was presented. Something was doing every minute, and when one was not looking or listening, he could have been and probably was enjoying the soda-water, ice-cream, popcorn, etc., provided at various booths.

There is always a high spot in every conference. This year such honors could easily be given to the early morning testimony meeting held Sunday. Coming as it did, after the one hour national broadcast of the Tabernacle choir and organ, during which the Tabernacle was filled to capacity, this M. I. A. testimony meeting held in the Assembly Hall, was a real spiritual feast. In past years this meeting had been turned over to visiting M. I. A. officers and members, during which they testified of the value of M. I. A. work to them and of their love and devotion for the work.

This year, however, a different policy was adopted. The time for testimony bearing was turned over to the members of the two general boards. A large number of short inspirational talks, containing faith-promoting experiences, etc., was the result. No matter how far M. I. A. conference delegates had traveled, whether it be from Canada or Mexico, or from the Pacific or the Atlantic coast, had they only attended this one meeting, they would have returned to their homes well paid for having made the journey to Salt Lake. It was truly the high spot of the conference.

THE Tabernacle was again crowded to capacity at the Sunday afternoon session, under the direction of President Grant. Music for this meeting was by the Tabernacle choir, with Edward P. Kimball at the organ.



The Post Office of the Plains

President Grant, at this meeting, made a stirring appeal from the Tabernacle pulpit for members of the Church to bear the testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith and to defend it before all the world.

President Grant said, "We believe that no other man has begun to exercise the same wonderful influence that Joseph Smith has exercised and that his power grows day by day."

"To me," he said further, "it is a source of the keenest delight that during my life in traveling as I have in many lands and in many climes, that from my childhood days until today I have never found anything that in the slightest degree has weakened my faith in the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"I have never found anything in his writings, I have never found anything in his teachings, I have never found anything that any man ever knew that he taught—in associating as I have in my childhood with Brigham Young and the men who were associated with the Prophet Joseph—I have never found anything that has in the slightest degree lessened my faith and love for this man who was the instrument in the hands of God in establishing again upon the earth, the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"On the other hand, what have I found? All my life I have found first one evidence and then another that was calculated in its very nature to strengthen my faith in him as a prophet of the living God."

FOLLOWING this meeting a number of pioneer people and others interested in the Old Social Hall, first place of entertainment and social happenings in the Salt Lake Valley, gathered at the site of the old building on State Street and Motor Avenue, where the M. I. A. in cooperation with the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks, unveiled a monument and marker commemorating the old building and what it stood for in the way of pioneering in recreation.

The concluding session of the conference was held in the Tabernacle Sunday evening. A chorus of approximately 600 young men and young women from the Salt Lake and nearby stakes, under the leadership of J. Spencer Cornwall and Evangeline Thomas Beesley, presented the music for this meeting.

Under the title, "Culture and Happiness," Elder Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, gave one of the most inspiring addresses of the entire conference. Pointed excerpts from his talk are:

"It seems almost incredible that only in recent times has the truth been forcefully brought to the world that 'men are that they might have joy,' and that even evil itself is in the world to enhance ultimately the joy of man. How much these cheerful, hopeful philosophies have added to the beauty and vitality of religion we can scarcely realize, and the world does not yet understand.

"As I conceive it, one of the major purposes of the Great Mutual Improvement Association is to teach people that they can be good and still be happy. Perhaps this is more forcefully stated conversely, that they cannot be truly happy unless they are good. This idea is an immense contribution particularly to youth. Youth loves and longs for happiness. Who would rob the springtime of life, of its fragrance, its color, its enthusiasm, its hopes and its dreams? Surely not one who understands, not one who remembers his young days when his heart was buoyant and filled with the love of adventure.

"To make youth understand that they are understood, however, it is essential that all phases of their living be dealt with in a very practical way. Religion will guide them only if it is made to appear adequate and satisfying. To that end, the Church, whose purpose is to serve, has endeavored to meet the full circle of requirements."

Elder Richards declared that many youths had found themselves on the way to happiness through the good offices of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

"I wish," he said, "every young person in the Church would yield to the influence and teachings of this great educational and cultural agency. If they would, there would be among them no smoking, no drinking, no wild parties with their tragedies and disasters. There would be no tragedies come into the sacred precincts of the home, tragedies worse than death. There would be no life-long regrets and bitter memories when maturity brings realization of the crimes of youth. How I wish it could be so. It could be if the young and the old alike could only be made to realize that there is no happiness except in goodness."

OBEDIENCE to the counsel of those in authority over them, was stressed by President Grant in a brief address. He said there was no greater happiness in the world than to be in harmony with the leaders of the Church. The President said that it was important to find out what is the right and what is the wrong thing to do. If we try to find out from those who have the right to give us counsel and advice we would do right always and keep in the straight and narrow path, he declared.

The President expressed his delight with the meetings of the conference he had attended and asked the blessings of the Lord to continue with everyone engaged in the work of the Mutual Improvement Association throughout the coming year's work.

As a fitting climax to a splendid conference the chorus of young people sang "Ode To Youth." This song composed by Spencer Cornwall and Elsie Talmage Brandley, was featured in last year's gigantic music festival. Fond memories of that great event floated into the minds of many as they listened to this smaller but nevertheless, large chorus sing the song under the baton of its composer.

The spiritual feast was over, and thousands of M. I. A. workers throughout the Church will feel its influence in the communities through the renewed efforts of those who participated in the conference sessions.

Promise of the Wheat

Continued from page 583

reconciled to living there and would love the land and the wheat as he did. Fay tried to be cheerful, but a shadow lay between them. The shadow of the wheat.

The next fall she admitted that Frank might have been wise. He had sold his wheat crop at a fair price just before the great financial debacle. The Morgans had money enough to see them through several difficult years. And they had the land.

Wheat prices were descending the next year, but Frank sowed and cared for his acres as before.

"You can't make anything out of it," Fay had told him rather bitterly.

"Perhaps not. But someone might need my wheat. At least I can raise seed enough for some of these struggling chaps on the dry lands, and enough to feed anyone who is hungry and needs it in this part of the country."

Fay had indulged in a sniff. It was well enough to have such philanthropic ideas, but it was rather silly to spend all one's time and effort on them.

The next year wheat prices were lower, but Frank was loyal to his fields and planted them. Hard times had struck the farming country. Frank frequently gave away great bags of wheat, and Fay suspected that money occasionally went with it, but she said no word.

This spring prospects were no better, but the wheat evidently had not heard of the depression. It had come up lustily, and was growing like mad—strong, sturdy young plants, promising much in the way of harvest.

The mail carrier's little car was whirling away in the distance in a cloud of dust when Fay reached the mail box. It was the day on which she received her favorite magazine. She pulled it out of the box, and a letter dropped at her feet.

She picked it up. From Grace Dawson, who had been her best friend in high school days. Grace, married and living in Mayville, was often in Fay's thoughts, but Grace was busy, and didn't write often.

Fay tore open the letter and scanned it hurriedly.

"Fay, dear, you must come down to Mayville as soon as you can," Grace had written. "I have a charming friend here from New York, and there are so many parties. We're having a glorious time, but we do miss you. Tear yourself away from Frank for a week or two or more, and join us. We'll have so much fun. Write me at once when to meet you."

THERE was more. Fay read it again, more slowly. Her fingers shook as she placed the letter back in the envelope. She would go. She still had the money Frank had given her so long ago when he urged her to spend a winter there. She would use part of it on her trip. There would be plenty with which to buy some pretty new clothes and accessories.

She told Frank about it when he came in for his lunch.

"Do go, honey," he urged. "It would do you good. I worry sometimes about the way you stay here, month after month, with so little pleasure. Go to Mayville, and have a good time. I can handle everything at this end. You send Grace a telegram, and tell her you're coming right away."

Fay agreed, and spent the rest of the day in happy preparations for her going. She baked Frank a ham and a huge cake, and put the little house in shining order.

They rose in the early morning and drove along the silent, dewy country to the station.

"I'll be back in a week—or maybe two—" she promised Frank.

"Don't hurry, honey. Make a real vacation of this. Stay as long as you like, and have a fine time," he had urged her.

On the train she thought of Frank. How good he was to her! His life was harder than hers. He worked so long, and so uncomplainingly, and was so generous to everyone, even in his thoughts. He had not had a vacation since they had been married. She might have suggested that he accompany her, or that they take a trip together. But it was too late for that.

It was late afternoon when she reached Mayville, but Fay did not seem tired. She was eagerly joyous, and so bubbling over with laughter that Grace was enchanted with her.

"You're just what we needed," Grace assured her. "Really, you're the first happy person I've seen in months. Everyone is complaining about lost jobs and bank failures and low wages until it is so tiresome. That's all Charles talks about any more. Really, it's tiresome."

AT the house Fay met Cynthia Weatherell, the friend from New York of whom Grace had written. She had expected the friend to be young and gay, but saw, to her surprise, that Mrs. Weatherell was a middle-aged woman, not at all smartly-gowned, who spoke quietly. But she had a sweet smile, and Fay felt drawn to her from the first.

"And what do you want to do, Fay?" Grace asked when they were alone in Fay's room.

"Oh—everything! I can't begin soon enough. Shops, and a hair-dresser's, and theaters and parties! I've been living with wheat so long I've forgotten some of the delights of civilization, but I want to be reminded of them as quickly as possible."

"Lucky girl, to have money to spend on shops and hair-dressers," said Grace lightly. "Charles is getting terribly stingy. He's been cutting my allowance until it's a real effort to stretch it over absolute necessities."

Fay's bright happiness was somewhat dimmed that evening. When, bathed and refreshed and clad in a pretty blue frock, she went down for dinner, she was delighted to see that Grace had invited several of her school friends and their husbands to dine. The table, bright with flowers and sparkling with crystal and silver, looked festive, but the faces about it were not in keeping. Most of the men looked tired, and their faces were strained. The women talked quickly and brightly, but there was a sense of something wrong in the air. It wasn't easy, it wasn't natural, Fay realized. When the men broke the silence that seemed to surround them to speak, their voices sounded hollow.

Now and then some one of them would mention business, but some laughing remark from his wife would cause him to be silent again.

"I don't suppose you feel the depression much out in the country?" Charles asked Fay in a little pause.

"Perhaps not as you do in Mayville," Fay answered. "But some of the small farmers have been badly hit by it." She went on to speak of taxes and mortgages.

"Frank has been helping a few of them for a couple of years," she said.

A clamor of protest broke out.

"He shouldn't do it," exclaimed Iris Graham, a pretty blonde who was beautifully dressed. "A person should hold tight to everything he has in times like these. I call it wicked to give like that. Why, you may need it yourself."

Fay's face flushed. She felt suddenly angry. In her heart she had, at times, questioned Frank's generosity to others, but she viewed it in a different light now. She rose to defend him.

"A man should look after his own interests first," Iris insisted, "if people did that, there wouldn't be so many demanding charity at this time."

SURPRISINGLY, several of the men spoke in support of sharing with others. One of them, who had scarcely spoken all evening, began to tell with animation of the soup kitchen his service club was sponsoring.

"You should visit it, Iris," he said, smiling at Mrs. Graham, "and watch the faces of some of the peo-

Homesteaders

By Maud E. Uschold

HARD-FISTED dreamers turned the wiry sod
And sowed their future on the wrinkled loam;
Uneven endless miles of furrow trod,
To tame a plot of earth and make it home.

The rasp of breaking soil; the sharpened breath
Of horses straining; and the Bob White's song
Blended in mellow air. Man placed his faith
In this new land, and made the furrows long.

Cool showers probed the strange and thirsty soil;
Inquiring winds stirred through the surge of wheat;
The stars shone down upon the fruit of toil—
On symbols wrung from life to make it sweet.

Shone as they do, while harvests full and pass,
Whether earth nourish wheat or buffalo grass.

ple who are obliged to go there for food to keep body and soul together. Their faces are pictures of desperation and despair, at times. And how good it is when one can see a bit of hope dawn in such a face!"

Mrs. Weatherell, who had been listening interestedly, began to tell of the relief work done in her own town. The men asked many questions. The women remained, in general, in discontented silence.

After dinner Fay found herself by Mrs. Weatherell.

"I'd like to talk to you for a little while, if you don't mind," she invited. "The game places are filled without us, and if you don't mind a little conversation, you'd be doing me a favor to talk to me."

Fay expressed her pleasure in the opportunity. Mrs. Weatherell's interest in the farm and life there amazed Fay. She talked on and on, and found herself growing enthusiastic about the great hills that sheltered the valley, the vast stretches of clean air, the ever-changing pageant of color.

"And your husband—tell me more of him," Mrs. Weatherell urged.

Fay didn't need much urging. It was easy to talk of Frank, to tell of his hard work, his cheery nature, his thought for others.

"I think you are a very fortunate woman," Mrs. Weatherell said gently when the recital was ended.

"I'm just learning how fortunate," Fay confessed. "And now I'm wondering how I can be sufficiently grateful and appreciative."

"I don't believe you'll find that too hard," Mrs. Weatherell smiled.

In the morning Grace took Fay shopping.

"I thought you were going to buy out the town," Grace laughed over luncheon. "Of course you've bought things, but not what I had gathered you meant to buy."

FOR Fay had hesitated to spend her money on things she could not use at home. She had bought a couple of simple dresses and a sweater for herself. But the rest of her purchases had been material for curtains and drapes, a pretty tea set, and gifts for Frank. It seemed she could think of nothing else but Frank. She bought books that she was sure would delight him, a new tie, shirts, a fish pole, and a number of little gifts that she believed he would enjoy.

During the next few days Fay was thoughtful and rather preoccupied. She went to parties dutifully enough, but she didn't enjoy them.

"It seems like dancing while Rome burns," she remarked to Mrs. Weatherell, with whom she had struck up a firm friendship.

Mrs. Weatherell answered with a smile.

The next day Fay told Grace she was going to start home the next morning.

"Why, I thought you were going to stay for a real visit," Grace objected. "We haven't seen half of the girls yet, and there are ever so many parties planned. Why are you going, Fay?"

"Well, Grace, I must confess it's a childish ailment."

"Ailment?"

"I'll tell you all. To be truthful, I'm homesick. For the ranch. For Frank."

Grace laughed whole-heartedly.

"I suspected as much. Fay, Frank must be a marvel. We're coming up this summer to learn just what the attraction is."

"Do. And you won't feel hurt if I dash away tomorrow?"

"No, angel. I understand. But you must promise to come back soon."

Fay couldn't promise.

"I will promise that next time I'll bring Frank," she said.

"That will be perfect. Then we may be able to persuade you to stay."

So Fay set out for home, after a farewell talk with Mrs. Weatherell, and a promise from the easterner to visit the ranch for a genuine taste of western life. It seemed to her that the train moved slowly and stopped at every crossing along the way. Her thoughts kept flying ahead. Perhaps Frank had not received her telegram! Perhaps he would not be there to meet her!

SHE was trembling with excitement when the train drew to a stop at her station. The brakeman helped her out with her bundles and bags. She stood alone on the platform. Frank hadn't come! Perhaps something had happened to him, and she could never tell him how wrong she had been, how badly she had behaved.

A car was speeding down the road to the station, its headlights flashing through the darkness. Fay held her breath. It might be someone coming for her, bringing her bad news.

The car pulled up, stopped. A familiar voice shouted.

Her weak knees carried her to it. Frank was there, well, smiling, real!

"Why, honey, what's the matter?" he was concerned. "You're crying."

"Just so glad to be home," she sobbed.

"Didn't you have a nice time?"

"Lovely. But I was homesick, Frank—homesick for you, and the ranch."

It seemed hard for her to explain what had happened to her on the visit. She tried to tell him, over the supper that celebrated her return.

"I knew how wrong I had been all this time, Frank," she said. "I'm so glad you had more sense than I, and more character, and didn't let me persuade you to move to Mayville. I brought back most of my money, and I want you to use it to help the people who need it."

"But it's yours, Fay, and I want you to enjoy it."

"Then spend it. That would give me more pleasure than anything else. Frank, what time does it get light in the morning now?"

"Quite early. About a quarter to six, I should say."

Sonnet for Men

By Margaret Marchand-Brown

WHEN men make steel they go in grimy streets
With buckets swinging to the constant flap
Of leather aprons, marking hearty beats
In earners' breasts. For them the tangy sap
From crucibles feeds life. Men's eyes have caught
The argent shine of molten iron. Roar
Echoes in workers' ears. Souls are full fraught
With grit from giant ladles' smoking pour.

When men make steel the flaring midnight sun
Of furnaces shows clear the homeward way
To humble bread and rest when they have done
With blasts. O men of eager toil, one day
Mary will anoint thy heads with gracious hand!
Martha will serve thee in a gentle land!

"I'm going to set the alarm, so I can get up then."

"But why, honey? You're tired. Better get a good rest."

"No, I want to see the wheat."

"See the wheat?"

"Yes, Frank. You see, I've never really seen it before, and in the morning I shall. I understand it now."

The Lonesome Song

By Grace Zenor Pratt

OUT on the dusty highway, the hot sun beating down,
I saw him first with his staff in his hand;
He had journeyed from pueblos,
Where treasures of gold are buried,
And the children sit naked in the sun.
Only a Tarahumara, whose vanishing tribe yet lingers
Reminding one of ancient song and story.
Naked of limb, and raven hair bound
With a bit of cloth.
Upright and proud like figure carved in bronze,
With staff in hand, and strangely silent,
With the Indian's immobility of feature,
Beneath his arm the little wooden violin
Which his own hands had fashioned,
And whose bow drew from its strings a plaintive melody.
Beneath an alamo tree he played the lonesome little song,
His face turned toward the purple hills
And fading sunset;
Toward the pueblos where his people once
Had been so mighty, and where still their treasures
Rest secure from prying eyes and greedy hands.
And perhaps there was a love note in the little song;
Perhaps I fancied it; but as he played
I saw some dusky Indian maiden waiting there at home
To welcome him.
He took the coin and passed into the shadows,
Half sad, half wistful; beneath his arm the little violin.

MY Grandfather, Jesse W. Crosby, going east over the California trail in the spring and early summer of 1850, records that the gold rushers were so thick that he and his companions had to travel out of the road most of the time. On his way he met 16,915 men, 235 women, 242 children, 4,627 wagons, 4,642 mules, 14,947 horses, 7,475 oxen and 1,052 cows.

—*George H. Crosby, Jr.*

The March Era

Last spring The Improvement Era asked salesmen of the magazine to present the March number in a way which, in their opinion, would be effective. Below is Mrs. Orgill's presentation.

Mr. Prospective Subscriber:

WITH the issuance of the March *Improvement Era*, you will discover that you can no longer get along without the magazine.

From the crimson-tinted cover to the last letter of "Your Page and Ours," hope and life renewed are emphasized.

Are you among those who half believe with the college educated that the foundations of religion are trembling? Whether you are or not, read the article by B. H. Roberts. You will rejoice in the masterly way he accepts the challenge of a friend in his inimitable way.

We often hear, "Keep up your courage." But how? One positive way is by reading some of the cheering messages in the March issue. "Hearts Can Ache Too" is different. It is a story which leaves one with knowledge that "Life is good" after all, and even a migraine headache may be cured.

If we believe all we hear the modern family group is in a decadence. But our faith and belief in that institution is "propped up" after reflecting Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman's views. It is a vital subject and one which commands our attention.

And "Palmetto." After the past few wintry months it is a tantalizing breeze from the wide, open spaces. And the dormant admiration which most of us feel for those beautiful, graceful horses of the plain is fanned into being.

Could you accept a snake for a pet? I never could until I read "Fangs and Coils." The true story of a colorfully tinted Scarlet King Snake makes you actually sense the human and intelligent side of its nature.

This month the *Era* presents a "What Has Become OF" department. The past and probable future of romantically built "Mercur," a mining town of some thirty years ago.

Are you going to Chicago this summer? Next best to going will be to enter into the spirit of the next world's fair by reading the vivid description of the buildings by the President Emeritus of the University of Illinois.

I HAVE been curious to know how the Rio Virgen received its name. I felt greatly edified after reading the graphic and interesting article by Dave Rust, pioneer guide.

"Winds in March." Did you ever stop to consider their difference from others. The editors convince us that the doleful days of depression cannot be likened to the winds of fall which blow up wintry weather, but rather March winds which cleanse—vacuum cleaners in earth's house cleaning.

You'll be pleased and interested to read how the Latter-day Saint Educators are laying a "Spiritual Foundation of Reconstruction" in a conference held some time ago in Brigham Young University.

The editorials this month, as always, are high lights in the *Improvement Era*. Original and pithy, matters of current interest are never neglected.

You need not use your time and means hunting through much chaff for a few kernels. "Glancing Through" is invaluable to the person who would know what the best current articles contain.

The poetry page this month is a type of past issues. They are a higher class than the magazines which we are daily buying from the news stands contain. They are soul satisfying.

Time was when Latter-day Saints subscribed to the *Era*, partly at least, from a sense of duty. Today it has become a necessity. Conditions like a kaleidoscope are changing almost hourly. Souls all around us are seared by upheavals. Like a buoy, anchored and placed in view that we may know where we stand and whither we should go. It is unique in its universal appeal. Mormon, Jew and Gentile enjoy its perusal. The March issue in particular is of a non-partisan nature.

Helen Kimball Orgill,
Director O. K. Branch 2nd Ward,
Raymond, Alta, Canada.

Cattalo THE LIVESTOCK OF THE NEW NORTH

By JAMES MONTAGNES

RANCHES in the northern sections of the prairie provinces of Canada are becoming a reality as the cross-breeding of buffalo and domestic cattle continues to advance and the resultant cattalo become more numerous. That those vast pasturages which lie in lake studded country north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude are likely to furnish forage for cattle is no longer a dream of the future, but an actuality which has heartened the settlers of that country.

Winter snow storms, extreme cold, terrific winds, these have been a few of the reasons why domestic cattle are scarce in the northern sections of the prairie provinces. Cattle cannot stand up against such weather. They are not strong enough. That is why the settlers of that country and those regions to the north in the Northwest Territories have had little by way of dairy products during winter time. The solution to one problem of the settlement of the country was the development of a new type of cattle which could in winter forage for itself and at the same time stand the terrific cold and winds.

THE growing herds of buffalo in the Canadian parks were seen as the solution. Would not a breed of buffalo and domestic cattle solve the problem? So came about the shaggy animal that looks like an ordinary cow but is not because its coat is different and it has a slight hump on its back.



This is neither a cow nor a buffalo, though it looks like both.

The cattalo is a mixture of domestic cattle and buffalo. Its meat is tasty, its hide is warm and useful for robes. It is rugged and able to withstand the colds of winter.

Inter-breeding has had its difficulties, resulting in a high mortality in the first cross between bison and domestic cattle. This has been overcome to a large extent by the importation of the yak from the steppes of Siberia and Tibet. The yak has been the intermediary in developing the true cattalo breed.

Experiments are still being carried on by the Canadian government, for the development of a new strain of cattle takes time. But as the northern sections of the country develop, settlers will be able to take north the cattalo, and know that it will be able to stand the colds and storms of a severe climate.



Above: Yak imported from Siberia.



Below: Buffalo, Buffalo Park, Wainwright Park.

The Singing Tree

By MARIAN G. NIELSON



The Old Singing Tree

IT is the first cottonwood tree I have ever heard called "A Singing Tree." I know of cottonwoods that shelter Navajo hogans; that are especially adapted to big swings made out of huge ropes and rusty bolts; that are the base for flimsy leaf structures to shelter old Ute squaws playing cards; an old landmark atop the mesa; or even a good picnic shade. But a lopsided cottonwood tree, one-half barren of leaves, is, at best, an unusual singing tree.

Maybe it got its name from the cowboys who used to camp around its calloused feet, and who sang far into the night of Billy the Kid, or of a white haired old mother at home. Perhaps the Indians gave it that name when the wind drove the sand against its dead branches with a mournful, plaintive cadence. But I like to imagine it was because, whenever one sat in the sand, leaned against its trunk, and closed one's eyes, a faint rhythm, a deep musical tone—like the low notes of an organ—permeated one's body.

When the service berries on the side hills, hung purple and full on their stems, mothers left their babies in care of the young girls under the tree and clamored up the steep slopes to get berries for winter preserves. The girls sang to the wriggling charges

"Where are you going Billy Boy,
Billy Boy,
Where are you going charming
Billy?"

Or else

"Oh a frog went a-courting and
he did ride
Um hmm, um hmm."

So that by noon the old Singing Tree was fairly quivering with renewed life.

One hot May afternoon the Primary held a picnic down under the old tree. Miss James was our teacher and had promised to play her banjo and sing for us if we would all promise to take a part on the program. She was to perform last. Of course all the parents were there—even father had on a clean shirt and had come.

Ah, trees can sing, especially to youth on moonlight nights or when spring or autumn winds finger the branches. Do you have somewhere a singing tree?

THE wind was blowing, and the tree was humming away at a great rate, at times almost deafening us with its roar. We were perched among its branches, dropping from its limbs, and lying in its shade, at various times during the afternoon, so we had a pretty good idea of all that was going on.

Justin Ray—you have all heard of Justin Ray—was the last of the students on the program. We all made fun of him and picked on him, then:

"Come up, Justin, it's your turn," called Miss James.

So when we heard his name called out, we all hooted and laughed—out of our parent's direct gaze we were—because we knew that he couldn't do anything at all. He came up close under the tree, and gulped uncertainly. Then he looked at Miss James and started to sing!

Don't you think it was fitting he made his first public appearance under our old Singing Tree?

From the rocky cemetery on the hill we watched the couples do their spring courting under the tree. We heard County dynasties rise and fall. We would have heard all about why the old disreputable trapper, Bob Heitz, was refused credit at the store, instead of only part of it—if Jim hadn't slipped from his perch and fallen right square into the speaker's lap.

The first "Mandolin and Guitar Club" was formed there. Old Rock-of-Ages, venerable Ute squaw, and best gambler of the whole tribe, died there.

And so, the night before I went away to school, the last goodbye I said was under the old Singing Tree. Inarticulate as we were, the old tree poured its benediction into our hearts, and we understood. Those deep cadences surged into our lives—sublime, inviolate. To me, that old patriarch still stands there singing into the hearts of men, exalted thoughts that can come only from an old Cottonwood Singing Tree!

Suburban

By Frances Hall

LITTLE gay street all paved with dreams,
With new, wee houses where happiness beams
Through trellised windows where home-light gleams,
Who gave you a number for a name?

You ought to be called celestial things;
With your scarlet roofs and your bright porch swings,
With your gardens sweet as all vanished springs,
And your dancing hearthfires all aflame.

Paradise Street, I'd like to be
Part of a place so neighborly;
Would you, wide-handed, welcome me
If to your pleasant ways I came?

Melchizedek Priesthood

Remember the Sabbath Day

Ward Teachers' Message for September

Topics prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric

THIS divine commandment given in the early days of Israel, but actually instituted in the beginning of things, has been renewed in this latter dispensation to the Latter-day Saints. It is like every other mandate, a commandment with its accompanying blessings. To rest from one's labors one day in seven is wise. To direct one's thoughts and acts toward gaining greater divine knowledge and spiritual power on that day is still better.

If properly observed, this principle will not only promote the important results of physical rest and change, but it will also promote that peace and influence which are so necessary to spiritual training and normal progress.

During the summer and autumn season probably more than at other times, there is a natural desire for vacations and other diversions. There need be no difficulty in enjoying nature and yet in partaking of the spirit of the day of worship. The important thing to have in mind on that day, no matter where one may be, is to seek and maintain the spirit of the day. It is, of course, not advantageous to make Sunday a day of excursions. But when we have occasion to be away from our regular places of worship on that day, if we have real appreciation of the blessings of the Gospel, we shall seek to cultivate the spirit of worship no matter how informal the conditions may be.

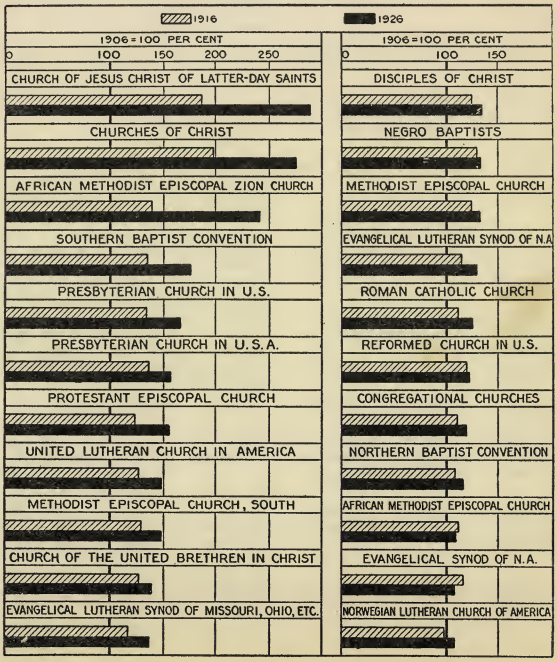
Every family that, as such, undertakes to conform to the spirit and purpose of the day of rest will grow in faith, unity and right living. Of course, the spirit of observance must be one of joy and willingness, and not one of repression and dissatisfaction. Young people need to have their thoughts and acts directed in kindliness and interest by their parents toward those things which make for spiritual stability and sweetness. To obtain the finest results, the love and consideration of parents for their children must be manifest in the example and the precepts shown them.

To keep the Sabbath we must remember that it is "holy," or set apart primarily for the service of God. So it should be kept in such a way as will accrue to the normal spiritual development of each individual. The Sabbath is made for the blessing and benefit of man, and not man for the Sabbath. On that day our objective should be to do those things which will promote our finer natures through the enjoyment of the Divine Spirit.

"The Stone Which the Builders Rejected"

ON one of those days, as he taught the people in the temple and preached the gospel" (Luke 20) the Master told the priests and the elders and the people a very interesting story. You may read that story, thanks to Dr. Luke, if you will turn to the chapter. It will probably be of interest in connection with the findings of President Herbert Hoover's Committee appointed to study social trends in the United States.

The committee's report on the growth of the Churches in the United States between the years 1906 and 1926 is given graphically in the accompanying diagram which was reproduced from the book, "Recent Social Trends in the United States," volume 2, page 1022. The diagram is self-explanatory.



Of interest is the committee's statement that in the United States "there are 212 separate organizations, a dozen more than there were ten years ago.

"Out of this large number of denominations, there are only twenty-four with more than 200,000 adult members each; and these few bodies include today, just as they did a generation ago, more than 90 percent of the country's adult church members."*

The report goes on to state that it is significant that the Mormons and the Christian Scientists are included among the swiftly growing group."

—*H. R. M.*

*"Recent Social Trends," p. 1023; Ibid. pp. 1023, 1024.

Aaronic Priesthood

A Deacons' Quorum Meeting

A Demonstration at the Aaronic Priesthood Convention of Pioneer Stake

THE "Class Room" is prepared. The Deacons come in and take their places. The Presidency in front, the secretary at the table, spreading out his records, placing the order of business before the presidency. The supervisor takes a seat at rear.

Call To Order.

President: We will come to order and ask _____ to open the quorum meeting with prayer.

Prayer.

Roll Call.

President: The secretary will now call the roll; if there are any absent with good excuses, will you please state them.

Secretary calls the roll.

President: Is any member of the Quorum sick?

Yes, _____ sprained his foot on the school grounds and has to stay home for possibly a week or more.

President: I think we should visit him and let him know that we care and miss him. Who would like to go with me?

Several volunteer by raising their hands.

President: _____ and _____ can you go with me this afternoon about 4 o'clock? ("Yes")—Of course all the rest of you may visit him at any time.

The Minutes.

President: The secretary will now read the minutes.

Secretary: Reads the minutes.

Report and Check-up of Assignments Filled.

Immediately after the minutes are adopted the secretary distributes the assignment blanks together with pencils.

President (to secretary): Will you please check up on the assignments given last Sunday!

Secretary:

_____ did you pass the Sacrament last Sunday?—Yes.

_____ did you? Yes.

_____?

No.

Why not? I was sick and had to stay home.

_____ did you pass?

Yes.

_____?

Yes.

_____?

Yes.

_____?

I did.

_____, did you help to prepare the sacrament table? Yes.

_____, did you visit absent members? Yes, I visited _____ and urged him to come to Priesthood meeting. He said he would be here next time.

Assignments for Ensuing Week.

President. I will now give out the assignments for the week. (to secretary.) Will you write down the names? Assignments are made.

_____ I would like you to give us next Sunday a few words on the Priesthood slogan.

_____ (to the secretary.) Who is absent today without excuse?

Secretary reads names of absentees.

President: _____ will you please go and see these two members. They live close together. Tell them we would like to see them again next Sunday morning at Priesthood meeting; have them record the assignments they filled last week and bring the blanks back to the secretary so he can enter their credits. See them right after this meeting if you can—or this afternoon. If they are not at home ask some of their folks why they were not to Priesthood meeting and report next Sunday.

All right, I will see them.

Other Business.

President: We have with us today _____ who has recently moved into the ward. Brother Allen told us last week that his family has been accepted in the Ward and so we should accept him in the quorum. _____ will you please stand up; we hope you will like our quorum and take active part in it.

All who are willing to accept brother _____ into the quorum will please raise their hands. (All hands raised.)

(To the secretary): Will you please enter his name on the roll book.

Is there any other business that we should take up?

Yes, how about that swimming party you mentioned a couple of weeks ago?

President: Two weeks ago we appointed our supervisor and the second counselor as a special committee to find out about it. (To the supervisor): Brother Allen, can you tell us about it?

Supervisor: Yes, we finally hit upon the Police Gym. We talked with Commissioner Knight and got permission to use the police swimming pool next Friday night from 7:30 to 8:30. We suggest to you now that we meet at 7 o'clock at the meeting house and walk up together. We talked to the Bishopric about it and learned that after the swim we can have either a candy bar, or perhaps an ice cream or a hot dog. We expect to be home before 10 o'clock.

President: You have heard the report of the special committee. All who can go Friday night will raise their hands. (All raise their hands.)

Last week Brother Allen, our supervisor, invited the presidency over to his home for a council meeting to talk over quorum matters. We decided that we should have some kind of quorum social at least every two months. Now if any of you want to make any suggestions as to what we want to do tell us next Sunday.

Brother Allen told us that the Bishopric is well pleased with our quorum. The only place where we are falling down is our inattendance at sacrament meeting. Especially now that summer is coming we should make sure that we have always enough deacons to pass the Sacrament, and we as the Presidency promised him that we would do our best to be there ourselves every Sunday. We would like you to help us in this so that the Bishopric will have no reason to complain.

At the close of that council meeting Brother Allen treated us to a nice glass of lemonade and some cookies and we had a good time.

Instructions by Member of Bishopric.

President: Brother Lawrence of the Bishopric has a message for us.

Brother Lawrence: "_____ 2 or 3 minutes _____."

President: We have a visitor from the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Com-

mittee. (To the visitor.) Brother Hopkins, would you like to say something to the quorum?

Visitor: "Thank you, just a few words _____ 1 or 2 minutes _____."

The Priesthood Slogan.

President: _____ you have been assigned to say something about the Priesthood Slogan. Are you prepared? Presents Stake Aaronic Priesthood Slogan.

The Lesson Period.

President: Our supervisor Brother Allen will now conduct the lesson period.

The Lesson Topic.

Supervisor: _____ You have been assigned to present the lesson topic. Are you ready?

_____: Yes, (he steps to the front). I was assigned to study the lesson No. 16 in the outline. This lesson tells the story of how the Pratt family obtained their genealogical records, etc.

Supervisor: Very good. Now let me ask just one question:—In the previous lesson we learned a few things about Parley P. Pratt. What particular quality do you think he inherited from his forefathers?

_____: His fearlessness in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Supervisor: Now, how many of you have fathers, brothers, grandfathers or some other relatives that have performed missions and preached the Gospel like Parley P. Pratt? (Show of hands.) That's fine. If you look at the end of the lesson in the outline you find that you should tell the story of the missionary service performed by an ancestor of yours or by some member of your family. Some such story would make another fine addition to your Book of Remembrance.

Then I ask you to do the following: Make a list of all your relatives, men and women, who were on missions. Put down their names, their mission, the countries and possibly the cities in which they worked; then what languages they had to learn, how many months they served. And possibly some of their experiences. During the coming month gather whatever information you can get and write it down, bring it to quorum meeting and we will see how we can work it into an interesting record. Some day I hope you can go on a mission and then your name will be added to the missionary record of your family.

Supervisor: _____ has brought his completed Priesthood sheet and I want to show you how he has done it.

Who else has made any efforts to get this Priesthood line?

_____: You told me to go to the ward clerk and find out who ordained me a deacon. I did that and found that Brother Knight of the Bishopric did. So I went to Brother Knight and he told me that he was ordained a High Priest on _____ by _____. But that is as far as he could tell me.

Supervisor: That's all right. I have here a book which will give us the rest of the information you need to complete the line. We will write it down on a piece of paper and next week you can possibly finish your sheet. Now let's see. Brother Knight was ordained a High Priest by Apostle _____, who was ordained an Apostle by _____ etc.

There is your line. Now see how many of the pictures of these men you can get and I can possibly come over some night to help you work out your Priesthood record.

Supervisor: Can you tell us how to obtain a Patriarchal blessing?

_____: One has to make a date with the Patriarch and then go to his home. There he has a stenographer ready to take down in shorthand the blessings as he pronounces them upon the person. Later a copy of the blessing is sent or given to the person who received it, that he may read it often in order to secure help to be faithful in the Gospel and to fulfill the work of his life.

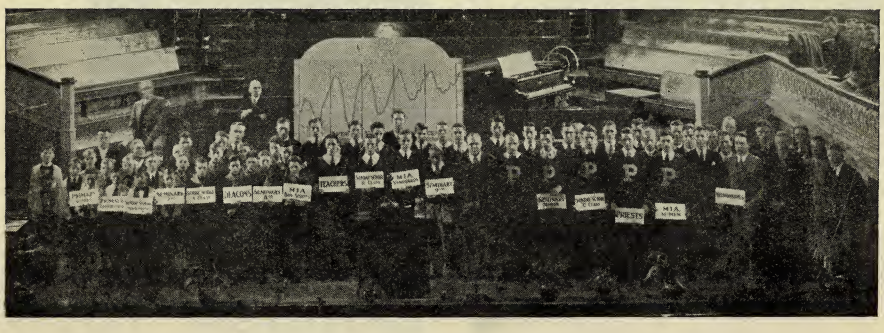
Supervisor: That's correct. If any of you desire to obtain a blessing, do not be afraid to talk to any of our Patriarchs. It is a custom to give to the Patriarch a free will donation which is to cover the expense of a stenographer and the writing and mailing of the copy of the blessing. But if you are not able to give such a donation I am sure the Patriarch will arrange with you anyhow. He does not sell any blessing for money.

In our next meeting we will demonstrate the proper way of passing the Sacrament. A few errors have been made that need correcting, and then we will have a few new deacons by then, to whom we have to show how it is done. (Turning to the President) Well brother _____ that's all for today and I turn the meeting back to you. (Steps aside and sits down.)

President: Thank you Brother Allen, I think we have done quite a bit today. Now if you all stand we will ask _____ to dismiss this quorum meeting.

Benediction.

_____.

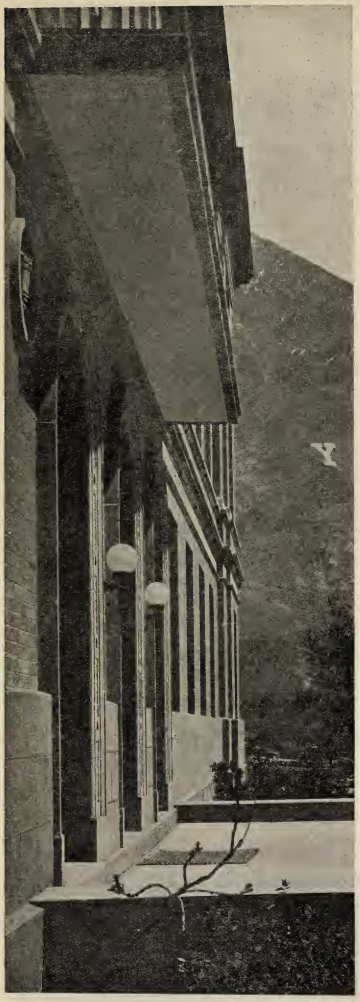


Demonstration of Church Program for Training Boys and Young Men, Aaronic Priesthood Convention, April 8, 1933

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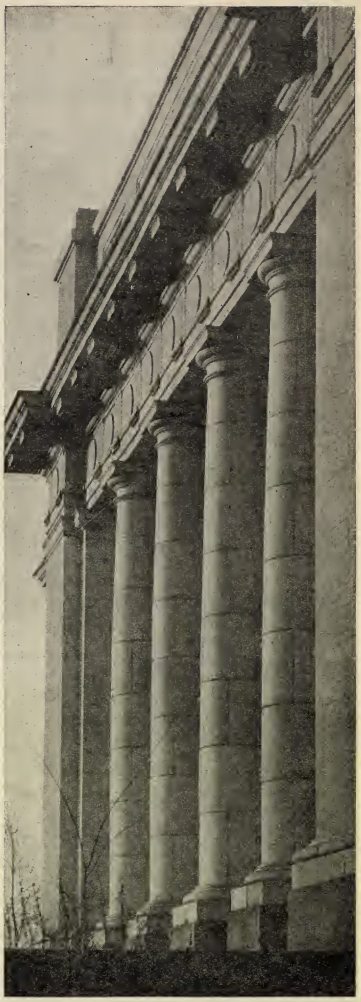
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UNIVERSITY PROVO, UTAH

Things

Continued from page 601

when Everett compelled her to take a ride.

At last he took a hand. Planting himself on one of her trunks he took both her hands and looked straight into her eyes.

"What's the idea, anyway, mother?" He glanced significantly around the room.

"My things?" she questioned sweetly. "It's almost done. But it's been a big job. You see I had them all arranged for you and Tasie. I was going to get you to send one trunk, one bag and my chest to her. You were to have the rest. But I have learned to love Celia as much as Tasie, so I had to divide my things in three, and that wasn't easy. Then Celia told me about the other. I hadn't thought of that. When Tasie had no children I took it for granted you wouldn't have any. Well, after I knew—I had to make another lot. So it has been quite hard. But I have them almost straight—I have the family records and pictures and the clothes all divided. I didn't want to be partial."

"And you are going to give us all a share of the past?"

"I'm going to leave it to you—but I'll need another trunk."

"Well, we'll see what we can do, Mother. I know they mean a lot to you, but just suppose you keep 'em like they are for the present and then we'll see. If you've got some little pieces Celia may be able to make into white things, she'll be glad of them I'm sure."

"But they are to be left, Everett, not given. After I'm—"

"Oh, forget that, Ma,"—and he was gone.

AS the time approached for the arrival of her first grandchild Ma Keller became strangely reminiscent. Once she started to bring Everett's baby clothes out to show Celia. But after a moment's consideration she put them back. They were a part of her secret.

Baby Keller was a boy and for three solid weeks he cooed under the light of the blue eyes and the gray. Then Celia's mother died, and Ma Keller sat back with the child in her arms and saw her own funeral. The only thing, she seemed happy about her things. She talked of them to baby Keller. They were all ready. Only the trunk was needed for Celia's share. But the birthday was near at hand. Then she would be ready.

The Fall had come. The leaves were rustling to the ground and the trees were groaning with rheumatism. It was her time. She would sit and think how happy Celia would be to open her trunk. Celia was to have the new one. In it would be Ma Keller's black beaded dress, her paisley shawl, a crazy quilt, some picture that hung in the home where Everett was born, the family Bible and a green album containing old tintypes and locks of hair. How many pleasant hours she and Everett could spend together with the pictures and records. And what a surprise it would all be to Celia.

The day before she was seventy-one she sat in her little room contentedly dreaming. It was a bit cold but she didn't want to disturb her things to get out the paisley shawl. Perhaps later on Celia would make a fire and let her rock Baby Keller in the living-room. Just then Celia came to her door.

"I'm going over to the house this afternoon to get my share of Mother's things. I thought perhaps you'd like to go too and take care of baby while I look them over."

At first Ma Keller was jealous—jealous that there was somebody else to leave things to Celia. Then she was seized with a desire to see them. Somebody else's things! They could never compare with her own, but they had been saved in the same way, had been left just as she was going to leave her own.

"I'll be glad to go," she answered. "It's a bit cold in the house anyway." So they went.

IN the basement of Celia's mother's home were trunks, boxes and bags. Ma Keller succeeded in getting baby Keller to sleep and then stole down to see the relics of the past. She sat quite still and unobtrusive as Celia lifted one thing after another and examined it. Celia's sister was there too, and they talked a great deal about what they would do with this and that. They talked rather low but Ma Keller heard.

"Imagine keeping a wedding dress for thirty-five years!" Celia lifted it—a brocaded satin, yellow with age.

"It's no earthly good—better put it here in this pile."

"And as for these albums and stuff, is there any use wasting time looking them over?"

"No. They're just mother's folks. And these pictures—just look at this motto thing. Hideous!"

Celia's sister lifted a jet silk dress and Ma Keller's eyes shone. Her fingers itched to hold it. If Celia had picked it up instead, she would have gone over just to feel its silkiness between her fingers and perhaps rub it against her cheek.

"We might give these old things to Crazy Loo for a quilt, Celia. but I suppose they'd drop to pieces in the making."

"I can't understand why people keep things so."

"I'm afraid I hear baby crying," Ma Keller said jerkily, and left.

She went slowly upstairs, picked up the sleeping bundle from the bed and went out into the street. She did not take the short cut home but went toward the main street of town. She would be seventy-one tomorrow but she walked steadily with her charge. When she came to a store marked Keller & Bim Wholesale Grocers, she hesitated. Then gathering all her courage she opened the door.

"Oh, come to bring the boy to call on his Dad? Here, son." Everett greeted her.

"Proud as they make 'em, eh?" laughed his partner.

"Meet my mother, Joe. We were just going out to lunch, come along!"

"No, Everett—I just came to tell you—I don't want the trunk."

"Good! Wise little mother. Well, here's your grandson, we'll run along then."

MA KELLER hurried faster. She hardly knew when she came to Everett's bungalow. She turned in mechanically, went around to the back door which was unlocked and stumbled in. She deposited Baby Keller in his own little bed and then went straight to her room. Once more she began sorting her things.

In about an hour Celia came in.

"Decided to come home, Mother?" she called.

Ma Keller let the lid of her oak chest fall.

"Yes, I'm here."

"Got lonesome for Baby and had to come myself, besides—my its nice and warm in here. It feels like Winter outside."

"I built a fire in the furnace," said the older woman.

"And one in the grate too, how lovely; aren't you coming out to sit by it?"

"In a moment—but Celia, I want you to come here first. I noticed Everett's army clothes in the basement store-room today. They are getting quite dirty. And your school books are dusty too. Better have Everett put them in one of these trunks tonight. You might as well."

"But I thought all the time they were filled with your things."

"No," she said steadily. "They are quite empty. And I wondered if you would like my oak chest for Baby Keller's clothes. You could fix it up quite handy."

"How perfectly lovely! Why you dear old dear, how did you come to think of it? He's grown out of his first pair of shoes already. I'll keep them for him so he'll have them when he's a man. Won't he be tickled? Oh, the day isn't half bad. I got so tired going over those old things—but to come home to start something for my boy—it gives me new life again. And tomorrow we'll have a real celebration. You'll be seventy-one years old and you can't guess what you're going to have. If you could have anything in the world you wanted, what would you like most?"

"Well," said Ma Keller, smiling, "It's getting so cold I believe I'd like some furs."

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How Lovely Youth

Continued from page 595

"Would you, then," she said, "like to civilize me?"

"I'd like it more than anything in the world, if you wanted to be civilized."

"It shouldn't be very difficult. I want most awfully to believe in something. I already believe in you—and God."

There never had been eyes like hers before in the world.

Suddenly he found himself telling her, though he felt all the time that she must know anyway, "I am Robin."

And she answered, "I am Jennifer." And they looked at each other, and both felt that they had been waiting a million years to meet again after having met before. And it was a strange, beautiful feeling.

With Carol it had been different. They had been interested in each other because they liked the same things. She was lovely and tall and straight. He remembered her nice smile when her Aunt Vonnie had said, "This is Robin Bohn. My niece, Robin—Carol Keats."

Carol's hands, he remembered, were capable looking, her hair neatly golden, her eyes very clear and blue. He liked to dance with her.

The night he'd sat on the steps with Jennifer the moon had been daffodil yellow. They'd laughed a great deal, and the words had tumbled a bit, there was so much to say.

He hadn't talked to anyone about Jennifer. He was a sensible young man. He had asked Carol to be his wife. She loved him, and she must be the one he loved. This other—this thin little wide-eyed girl—this love—well, it probably wasn't real love. It was an infatuation. Anyway, why had he thought she loved him? It might have been because he hadn't seen any really pretty girls for so long. Maybe her blue clothes and her red hair and her bewildering eyes had dazzled him. Carol was the girl for him. And small, comfortable living in a big white house with green shades, and spinach, because Carol loved him so.

MAYBE it was the way Jennifer laughed, and the way the stars looked like candle flames, and the color of the moon. If he saw her now, everything might be different. It was her funny little voice that sounded like ripe fruit and very clear cold water and a little girl singing, and the things she had said.

"My dear Robin, do you not always feel like walking straight to Bangkok, or to Paris, or to Nome, or to Jerusalem, on these summer-colored nights?"

"My dear Jennifer," he had said, "yes. With great easy strides, breathing moonlight and shadows deep as deep."

"In seven-league boots, with the wind whirling over your head, and water, and sometimes mud, and squashy green grass under your feet."

Her hands had been so little and square and brown.

Carol had said, in her letters, "Mr. Kennedy says you're to have your old job back. I know you'll get ahead, and we'll be awfully happy* * *."

He had not even touched Jennifer. Her hair must smell of flowers and her eyelids would be very soft.

THERE had been two people walking in the park that afternoon, the girl in dark blue, very tall and slim, the man tall and slim, too, with a grey hat that dipped a little on one side. If you had been behind them as they walked through the leaves, you would have heard their voices, and, liking the pleasantness of them you might have stopped to hear what they were saying.



Unique Monument in Echo Canyon.

"He has come back now, hasn't he? And you're very glad," the man said.

"Yes. He has come back and I haven't seen him yet. It will be good to see him."

"Tonight you will, won't you?"

"He is such a dear boy. I wish you could know him." The girl turned her head and for a minute stared at the sky. "He isn't like you. You're so quiet and dependable. Oh, he's dependable, too, but you're—different."

"If you love him, he must be a wonderful lad." You sensed pain in his voice.

"He is wonderful."

"You know how glad I am for you. But it makes me feel so sick and lost and empty to think of these walks of ours being over, and our talks by the firelight."

"They don't have to be over."

"This is the last. It has been so lovely, my dear girl. Nothing in my life has ever been so lovely—nothing in my life will ever be so lovely again. I came here, you remember, discouraged, ill, sick of futile wandering. You've made me better. You've made me want to stay here, to stay always—home. And make a garden. With radishes and lettuce and La France roses."

SHE caught her breath. "Richard, I—."

"I understand all you would say to me. All the time I've known. 'This, too,' kept pounding in my head, 'must pass away!' Must everything lovely pass away?"

"Oh, Richard, no."

"But it does."

"I wish you wouldn't say that, Richard. It makes me feel so hopeless."

And they walked for awhile in silence through the blowing leaves.

And then the man said, "I'm going away tomorrow."

"You can't go tomorrow," she said. "We were going to read Francis Thompson—we were going to hear Paderewski—you haven't seen my white dress—." She put her hand out, touched his

arm, let it lie there. "Dear friend," she said, "I'll miss you unbelievably."

"I'll write to you sometimes."

She gave a sorrowful little laugh. "But I'll want to hear your voice. Maybe I'll forget how you parted your hair, and how your eyes crinkle when you laugh."

"Look at me," he said, with a sort of little sob in his throat. "I want to see your nose, and your chin, and your eyebrows—."

She was a sensible young woman. She had promised to be another man's wife, and so she must love that man, as he loved her. This other—this tall whimsical young man—this love—well, it probably wasn't real love. It was an infatuation. Anyway, there wasn't any real reason for her to think he loved her. She hated herself for hoping that he did.

"You like your job so well, Richard. You've been so happy here. You said you were going to be manager one of these days. You will be, too. I wish—you wouldn't go away."

"I have to go."

"Where will you go?"

He didn't answer.

"I thought you didn't want to wander any more. I thought you wanted to stay—home. And make a garden."

They stared at each other in the autumn wind.

AUNT VONNIE was glad to see Robin. She said he looked very well indeed. She said that Carol was upstairs and that if he'd sit down for a minute in the front room, why, Carol would be down. She asked him about his travels. She talked about her sinus trouble.

Carol came down, and he kissed her.

She said, "You *are* looking marvelous, Robin!"

"You're looking fine, too, Carol." How tall she was, and how pale in that dark blue. But how lovely, how awfully lovely.

"Do you like to be home?" What a nice brown youngster he was!

"It's perfect."

"I'll bet you never want to go away again, do you?"

How awfully lovely—but Jennifer—why, she hadn't gone away at all—there she was, laughing,

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under the daffodil moon, "My dear Robin, do you not always feel like walking straight to Bangkok or to Paris—" with her hair blowing, her little hands folded, her little blue slipper thrust out before her.

"I'm sorry, Carol. What did you say?"

"I said you probably never want to go away again, do you?"

"Home is nice after so long," he answered her.

"My dear Jennifer," he had said, "yes. With great easy strides, breathing moonlight and shadows deep as deep."

"Home, after all, is best. Isn't it, Robin?"

When you hadn't seen Bangkok, or Paris, or Nome, or Jerusalem? "Why, I guess so. Yes. Yes, of course, home is best." He laughed a little, but his throat ached. "Why, homes are what—" he said foolishly, a little desperately, "why, there couldn't be great nations without little homes!" But the sky was a roof, wasn't it? He felt her staring at him.

"You're different, Robin."

He couldn't think of anything to say. He looked at her neat dark blue skirt and her pink fingernails.

Suddenly, in her pleasant voice, she laughed. "Look at me, Robin."

"I am looking at you." He raised his eyes.

"Why, dearest boy," she said, "if you don't love me, it's all right."

"I asked you to be my wife, didn't I?"

A RADIO being tuned next door sent forth queer sounds, then roared merrily, loudly, lightheartedly, vulgarly, "But a redheaded woman can make a boy slap his papa down!" He knew a—why, he knew a flame-haired, golden-eyed girl—.

"That was two years ago, you must remember. You still love me?"

"Look here, Carol. You've been so good to me. Look at those wonderful letters you wrote me when I needed them so much, and the books. Why, you've been wonderful, you've been—."

"I thought, Robin, that you were in love with someone else," she said, not looking at him, "because your—your letter sounded like it. You know—a little incoherent. They were restless letters. I sensed a wild new sweet joy. Women know things like that. See, Robin?"

"Why, I guess so."

"I was almost sure."

Uncertainly he touched his blue tie.

"Aren't you, Robin?" she asked apologetically.

"Carol, listen—."

"I won't know what to do if you aren't. I've—" she gave a rueful little laugh, "depended on my woman's intuition. But whether you are or not—I'm afraid I love somebody else rather awfully."

"Maybe if—."

"Oh, Robin, it's a different, more comfortable love than ours was. Robin, if you want to keep a man from going away from you because you're afraid you'll forget how he parted his hair and the way his eyes crinkle when he laughs, if you want to live with him in a white house and help him plant a garden, if you care terribly whether he likes your eyebrows and your chin—well, that's love isn't it?"

He felt strange and lost. "I guess that's love all right, Carol."

Oh, Carol, Carol. Dear, lovely, loving Carol. He guessed, with the puzzled imaginings of youth, that she was the girl for him after all. Maybe he'd never love anybody at all, really. That girl in blue pajamas with all those red curls and heaped-up waves and incredible brown-gold eyelashes—why, he'd only seen her once, in the new dusk, and under a daffodil moon. When he saw her she wouldn't look the same at all. Maybe he would never see her again. Maybe she'd be—why, quite ugly. It was the moon and the way she laughed—oh, Carol, Carol.

He walked and walked, his head down, hands in pockets.

THERE was a light in the living room. That meant that Mom *had* waited up for him after all. He'd have to tell her about Carol, and about Jennifer. He'd said he would.

Mom was in the hall. Mom said, "Go in the front room, darling."

And he said, "Somebody here?"

"Yes," she said. "A sort of little kitten, with big eyes."

He walked listlessly through the doorway.

He could see her hair shining under the light. It was more beautiful

than he had remembered. It was so bright it hurt his eyes.

"I was lost at first," her voice said.

"But you're home now, aren't you?" He stood, staring down at her.

"Not home yet. I will be, some day, I suppose." Her voice sounded like ripe fruit and very clear cold water and a little girl singing.

He came and sat down beside her.

"I came," she said, "to tell you that my father wants someone very intellectual and capable and all the rest of the things that you are, to go practically every place in the world. You will have to add up things, and subtract. You will have to talk to men about rubber and silks and land."

Her face was round and sweet. Her lashes were so long they made little fringed shadows on her cheeks. Her hands were little and square and brown, and lovelier, lovelier than he had thought they could be. He took one of them in his own. It was the first time he had touched her. His heart began to do queer tumblings. He shut his eyes to the brightness of her hair and the glow of her golden-colored eyes. "How can I go?" he asked. Her throat was like cream above the amber velvet of her frock. "Home is best. Someone told me so. I must get my old job back, and become quite rich, and be useful to my neighbors."

"Yes," she said. "You must."

He felt a strange, deep disappointment. "But I will not be very happy," he said. "On summer-colored nights I will want to walk to Bangkok or Paris—."

She was smiling at him. "Or Nome," she said softly, "or Jerusalem."

He wanted to touch her hair and smooth his finger over her silky curved eyebrows. "Breathing moonlight deep as deep, with the wind whirling overhead, and water, and sometimes mud, and squashy green grass underfoot."

THEY sat in silence, she with the little smile still lingering about her lips. Suddenly he knew that he could never live without her, that he loved her more than anything in the world, that he would always love her. "You will marry me and we will go together," he said.

And "Yes," she answered. Then she laughed a little. "I had to come tonight, my dear Robin," she said. "I was afraid I would forget how black your hair was and your nice wrists."

He had never been so happy. "And I could carry you some of the time. You're so little."

"I wouldn't need ever to be carried. I never get tired."

"But you don't know how fast and how far I walk—."

Mother was standing in the doorway. She said, "Jennifer can have Janet's room. You mustn't keep her up too late, Robin." And Mother smiled. When Mother smiled like that she was pleased and satisfied.

He looked hard at the little hand that lay in his own, touched the little bright fingernails. "They've always told me," he repeated, with a frown between his eyebrows, "always, mind you, that home is best."

"Oh, it is," she said, "it is! Home is best when you've seen a Chinese temple at dusk with a small rosy moon at its highest tip, when you've walked in the blue-white



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snow of St. Petersburg, when you've stood very still to see scarlet macaws go through the thick purple shade above your head, when you've dipped your fingers in the Sea of Galilee—."

He knew, he knew!

"But some day, my dear Robin," she went on, "we will come back to a safe white house, with a garden and trees, and maybe a brook for our red-headed children to bathe in. Some of them, I'm afraid," she said sorrowfully, "will have *very* red hair."

He bent and kissed her suddenly and found that her hair did, as he had thought, smell of flowers, and that her eyelids were very smooth and soft—.

And at that moment, somewhere in the darkness, a man called Richard was going swiftly to meet a tall pale girl in dark blue who waited for him with love in her heart and shining through her eyes.

This Invisible World of Ours

Continued from page 597

edge has taught the farmer why, if he would secure a maximum crop, he must plow his soil in the fall or early spring.

As man investigates farther he finds a few of the bacteria which inhabit the soil are harmful. It has been noticed that spores, which are bacteria in the resting stage, may live for years in the soil of pastures. Animals pasturing may swallow some of these spores. The spores of such a microbe as anthrax may then become active, multiply in the blood, the liver and the spleen, gorge the organisms with bacteria. Within a few hours the animal will suddenly become ill, and die of anthrax. Man working with such a diseased animal may contract a skin infection and develop boils and abscesses known as malignant postule. He may inhale these spores and develop a wool-sorter's disease very similar to pneumonia.

Another little spore which resides in the soil is known as B, *tentanus*, the organism which causes lockjaw. Horses, calves and old cattle harbor this organism in their intestines without causing any apparent trouble. The excretions of such animals may become part of the soil, then the microbe assumes a resting or spore stage. As such they may attach to rusty nails or splinters. An individual steps on such nails or splinters and develops the disease lockjaw.

Then there are several other disease microbes which live in the soil, but space will not permit a discussion of them. Yet, there are not very many of these disease organisms, especially when one considers the thousands which are beneficial.

NOT only does one find bacteria as his study of soil microorganisms continues, but he finds thousands of little fungi, relatives of the common yeast. As many as one million to the pound of these fungi may be present. They assist in the decomposition of the plant refuse which is added to the soil. There are also hundreds of thousands of little green plants called algae, microscopic in size, which manufacture their own food and furnish energy to millions of bacteria. They also help to control some plant diseases which come from the soil. Besides these, there are great numbers of simple animals known as protozoa. In order to make the most of the earth we need to know the function and the response to varying environmental conditions of these protozoa. Then, there are thousands of insects, too, as well as other types of animal life.

What part do these various kinds of organisms play in soil economy? Frankly, we do not know more than a very little of the answer to this question. Therein lies the challenge. Until we know we shall never be able to say that we have subdued the earth. Man's attempt to investigate this problem should eventually be rewarded with success. He will find, however, as Dr. S. A. Waksman, one of our country's eminent soil microbiologists says, that this soil population is extremely complex, the activities surprisingly numerous, our knowledge appallingly limited, and our methods very crude, yet opportunities for giving knowledge and adding valuable information which is bound to be of tremendous scientific and practical interest are great. The soil and the microbe await the investigator, first of all the chemist, the physicist, and the

biologist, who are not looking for practical gains, but for explaining the obscure and observing the unknown.

The invisible world is a challenge to man. A study of it often stimulates man's desire for more. Out of it should come an appreciation of nature. Many have received significant glimpses of the divine force which is behind it all. As one continues this study, he masters nature, and in so doing, says Brigham Young, he masters a knowledge of the laws of God. Thus in investigating the mysteries of the invisible world about us, one not only gains intellectual growth, but he contributes very greatly to the religious life.

Marking the Hand-Cart Trail

Continued from page 589

dedicated upon the trip, which lasted five days.

At nearly every stopping place the stirring old hymn, "Come, Come Ye Saints," was impressively sung by a devout group, nearly every one of whom had ancestors who walked or drove across the plains before the year 1860. No one who has not really seen with his own eyes those endless Wyoming hills and prairies can fully appreciate the courage it required for those pioneers to sing their famous hand-cart song.

"For some must push and some must pull,
As we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley, Oh!

"But some will say, 'it is too bad
The Saints upon the foot to pad,'
And more than that to pull a load,
As they go marching o'er the road.
But then we say, it is the plan
To gather up the best of men
And women too—for none but they
Will ever travel in this way.

"And long before the valley's gained
We will be met upon the plains
With music sweet and friends so dear,
And fresh supplies our hearts to cheer;
And then with music and with song
How cheerfully we'll march along
And thank the day we made a start
To cross the plains with our hand-cart."

It was, indeed, fortunate that this part of the song came true or the trail from Martin's Cove to Old South Pass might have been paralleled with rows of graves. As it is, it is now paralleled with rows of markers to commemorate the heroic deeds of those who passed that way.

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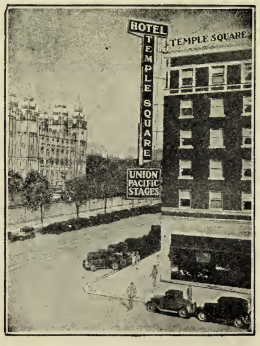
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FOREVER OR NEVER

WITH this number our serial closes. Captain True B. Harmsen has attempted to present a problem as he sees it. There have been those who did not agree with the Captain and those who did. At any rate, the evidence is now all in. If the story aids in helping but a few missionaries to readjust upon their return, then it has been worth while.

ANOTHER SERIAL COMING UP

WE have in our files a story called, "The Beloved Cinderella" This is a yarn in which a young lady holds the spot-light. We think for the romantic reader it will be all that a story should be.

SEE our photographic contest. We are eager to get some good story pictures and to encourage you to get a lot of fun out of posing your friends, your pets, your "toys" of all kinds in such a way as to make them tell a story.

THAT POETRY PRIZE

THE time is drawing near when we are to select the best poem published in the magazine this year. In a sense, this is not a contest, it is merely an added encouragement to our writers.

May 30, 1933,
Preston, England.

MY *Improvement Era* is always a very great joy. The contents are so diversified, and in addition to being educational, are a great source of inspiration."

Very sincerely yours,
G. Homer Durham."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE STORY OF THE YEAR?

WE should be interested in knowing which of all the stories we have published in this volume—November to October, inclusive—you have liked best. The stories thus far published are: "The Valentine," "Wedding Ring and Cow Bell," "Dawn," in the February number; "Hearts Can Ache Too," and "Palmetto," March number; "Forever or Never," a serial, "Knows All, Sees All, Tells All," April number; "Tobitisi," "Money Talks," "The House On The Hillside," June number; "A Tall Dark Man," "The Catalogue Mother," "Old Shep," May number; "The Gift Horse," "A Home For The Family," "Poetry and Prunes," "The Gift of Water," November! "Our Farmer," "Christmas Bills," "Silver Lining," December number; "The Valley of Peace," "The Business of Being A Star," "Amigo," January number. Why not write.

AFTER reading the *Era* all my life (short though it may be) and seeing the changes of the last year or so in regards to encouragement to those of the younger generation who may aspire to the Literati, I have summoned the courage to send in the enclosed verses. They may not be 'poetry,' and are probably 'all wrong' as far as composition, meter, etc., go. However, they have the distinction (?) of being the result of what Wordsworth describes as good literature—"The spontaneous overflow of human Emotions." So, the ideas are there. You will be the judge as to whether said ideas are clothed in fit language to print.

"We receive the *Era* here in the district office each month. It sort of helps to keep in touch with life and thought out in the valleys of the mountains. Seeing some of the new names in it has encouraged me in my literary attempts, and thus, the work rolls along. After seeing the English countryside one can realize in a sense, just how Wordsworth and some of the others 'felt about it.' The life of a missionary in this land is full to overflowing with the rich experiences of life. Yes sir!"

Very sincerely,
Catherine Marsh."

INTRODUCING SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

DR. ARTHUR L. BEELEY, a professor on the faculty of the University of Utah, is so well known that little need be said of him except that he is one of the outstanding sociologists of the West; that he is at present traveling and studying in Europe as the result of having received a very coveted traveling scholarship; he is a member of the General Board of the M. I. A.

Norman C. Pierce, author of "The Legend of Quetzalcoatl," has been a student of the University of Mexico, has spent some time in that land, is definitely interested in Indians. His residence is at Springville, Utah.

Arthur L. Marble, author of "How to be Safe in the Water," is a Brigham City boy who is now studying at Columbia University, in the City of New York. He is a former student of Weber College and the Utah State Agricultural College. He has taught at Boxelder High School.

Virginia Jacobsen, author of "What About Leprosy?" is a former student of the University of Utah. She has filled a mission to the Hawaiian Islands and is at present a housewife with a charming family.

Harve Buntin, author of "Boulder, the City by the Dam," is a resident of Las Vegas, Nevada, and otherwise is little known by *The Improvement Era* staff.

Isabel Neill, author of "Promise of the Wheat," is a lady who resides in the Northwest. She has contributed one other pioneer story—"The Gift of Water," which appeared in this magazine some time ago.

Ardyth Kennelly, author of "How Lovely Youth," is the same person who contributed the poems, "Sixteen Sings," and other verse. Some time ago we published a story of hers—"Fire and Song."

Marian Gardner Nielson is now residing in San Juan County. As a girl she studied at Brigham Young University and the University of Utah.

Henry A. Smith is a member of the staff of *The Deseret News* and is editor of the Church supplement of that publication.

We are in need of a Christmas story. It would be difficult for us to say what kind of a story we want. We only know that we want a good one—one that breathes the spirit of Christmas and yet one that is not too sentimental.

DID HE LIKE THAT JULY COVER?

Eureka, Utah, July 7.

IF the rest of your art can match the July cover, let's have all of it.

Yours most sincerely,
D. H. Horg.

THIS LAD LIKES JOHN ALDER

Dear Editor:

B. VAN HERMES must be suffering from chronic indigestion to make him find fault with a story like "Forever or Never," by Captain True B. Harmsen.

Frankly, I've never been able to interest myself in the angelic hero of your magazine, and you finally give us a real man acting naturally like any honest, conscientious person would act, and a chap like B. V. H. has to knock it!!!!!!

Does he object to the fight? Didn't the Lord take a rope and clean out the Temple? I hope they clean out that speakeasy, and I sure hope John Alder gets another crack at that Biff Randolph.

Yours truly,
La Mar Winn,
Kaibab Forest, Arizona.

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Registration Dates

Freshmen must take the English and Psychological examinations September 20, and attend special instructional classes September 21-23, held under the direction of the newly organized Lower Division, which will greatly assist entering students. Students with advanced standing register September 25. Regular class work for all students begins September 26. Freshmen must send their high school credits and applications for entrance to the Recorder's Office immediately.

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THE LOWER DIVISION

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SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
SCHOOL OF MINES AND ENGINEERING
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
SCHOOL OF LAW
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

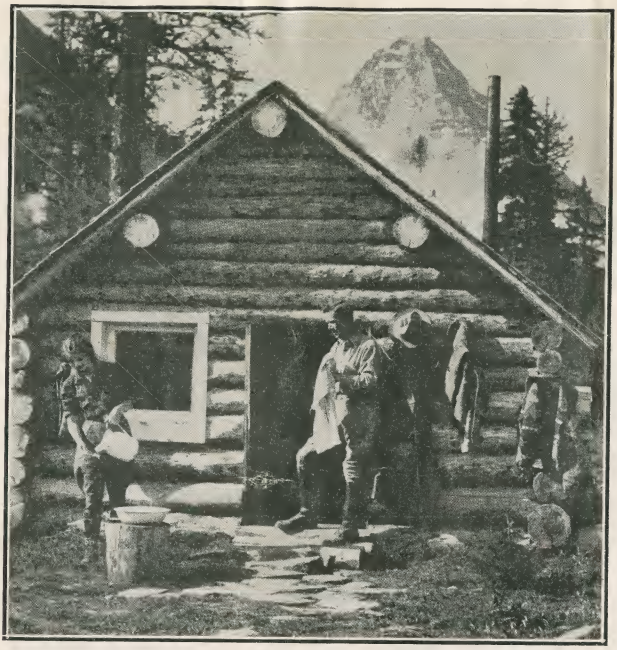
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THE EXTENSION DIVISION

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